

The Life
of
Rev. Walter Ellis Powers

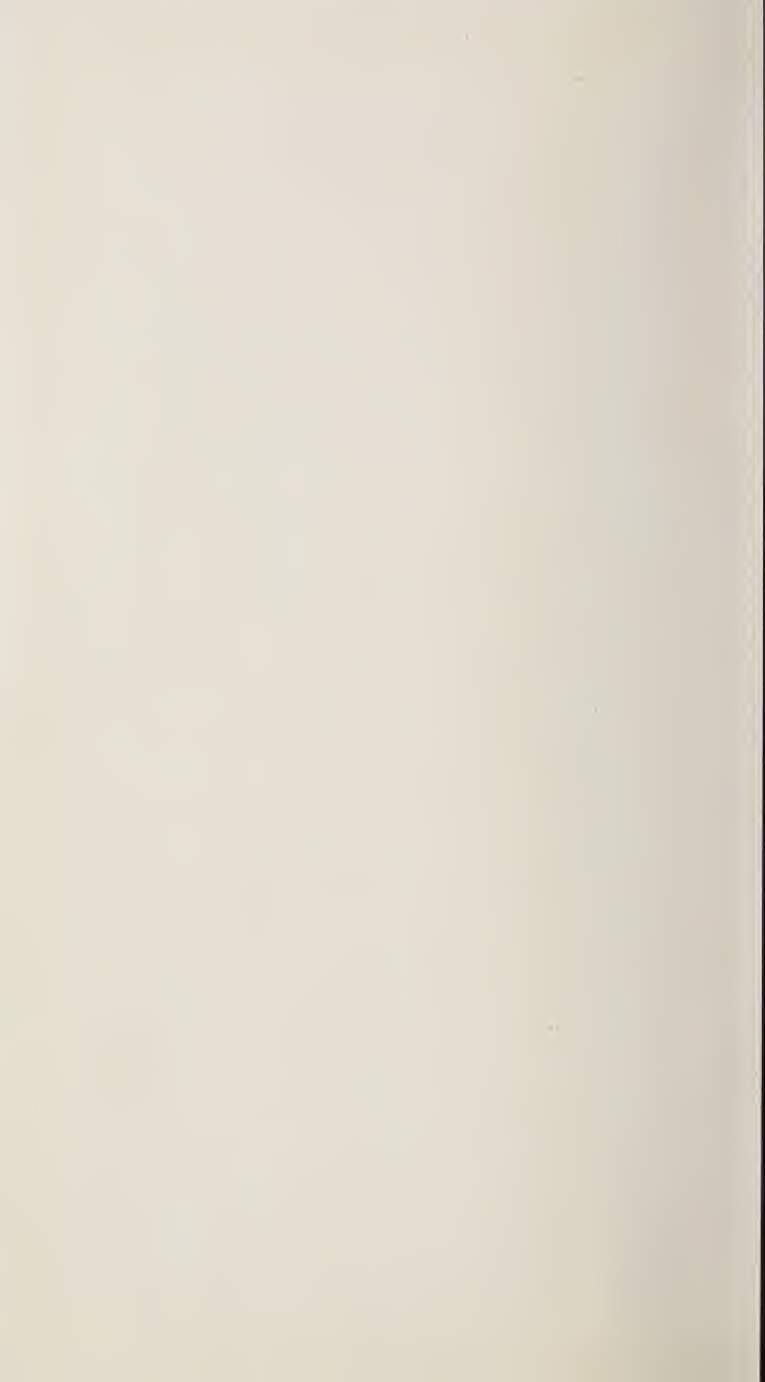
A. N. White

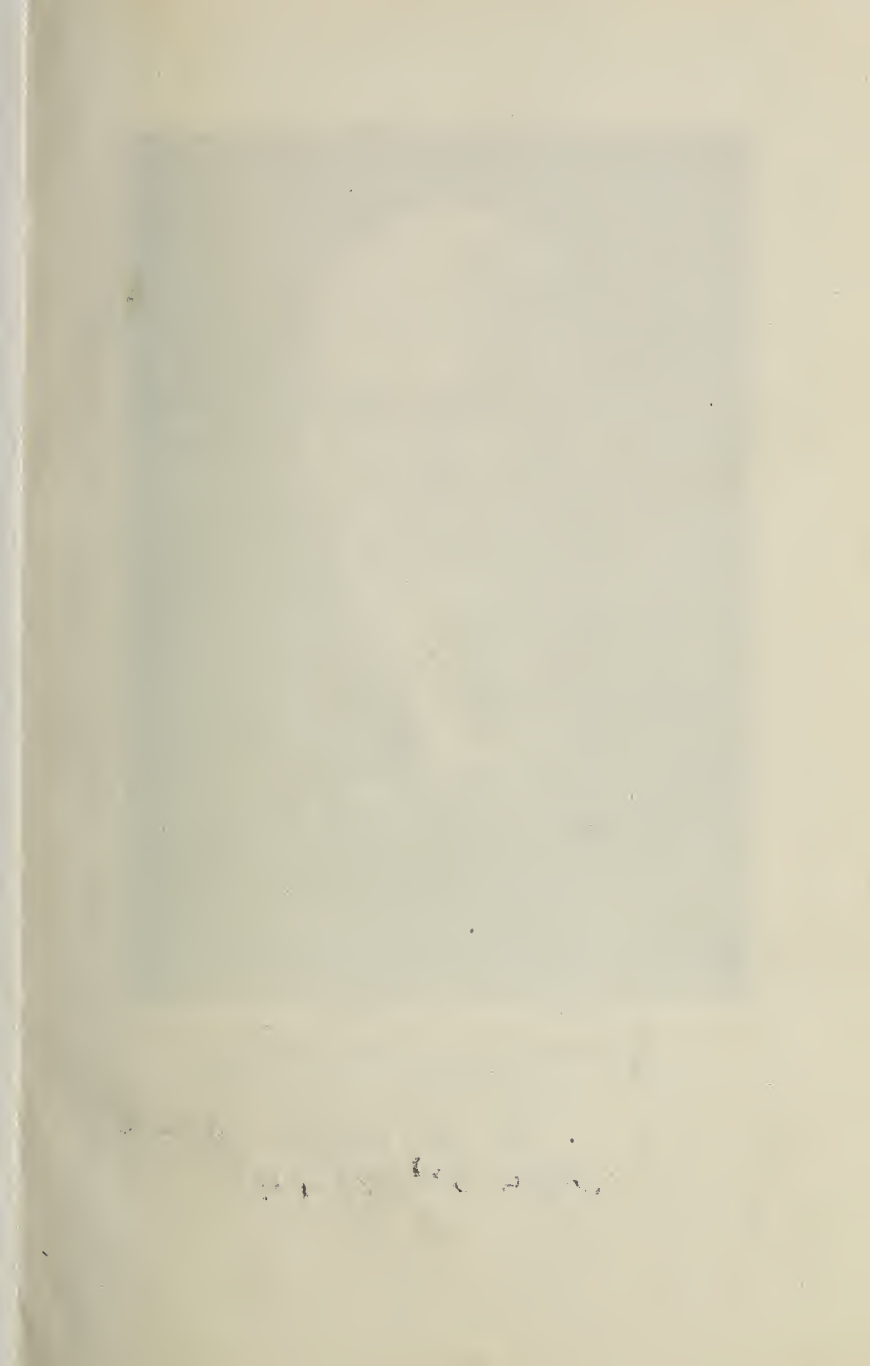


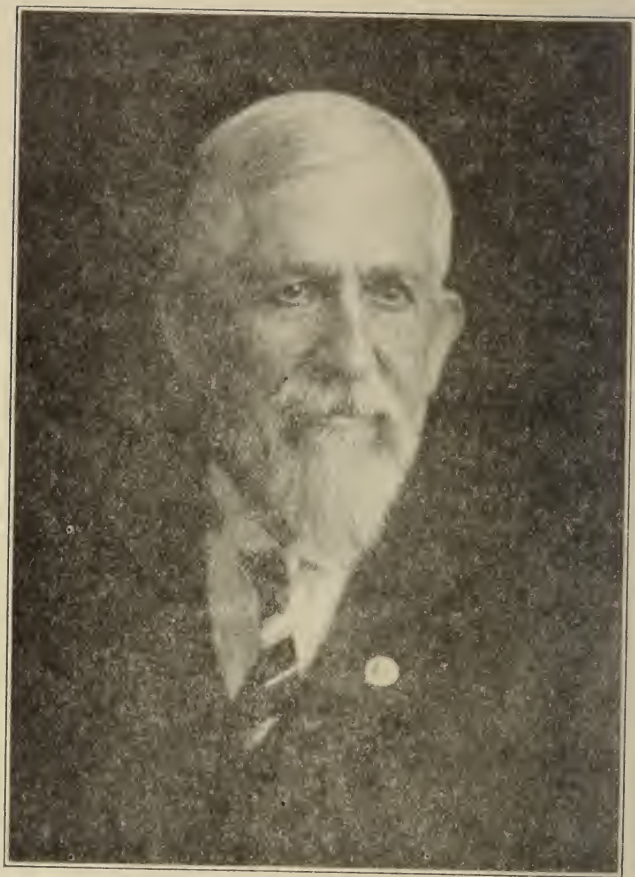
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Yours very cordially

A. N. White Barn
Apr 3rd 1844

THE LIFE

OF

REV. WALTER ELLIS POWERS

BY

A. N. WHITE.

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HISTORICAL SOCIETY.



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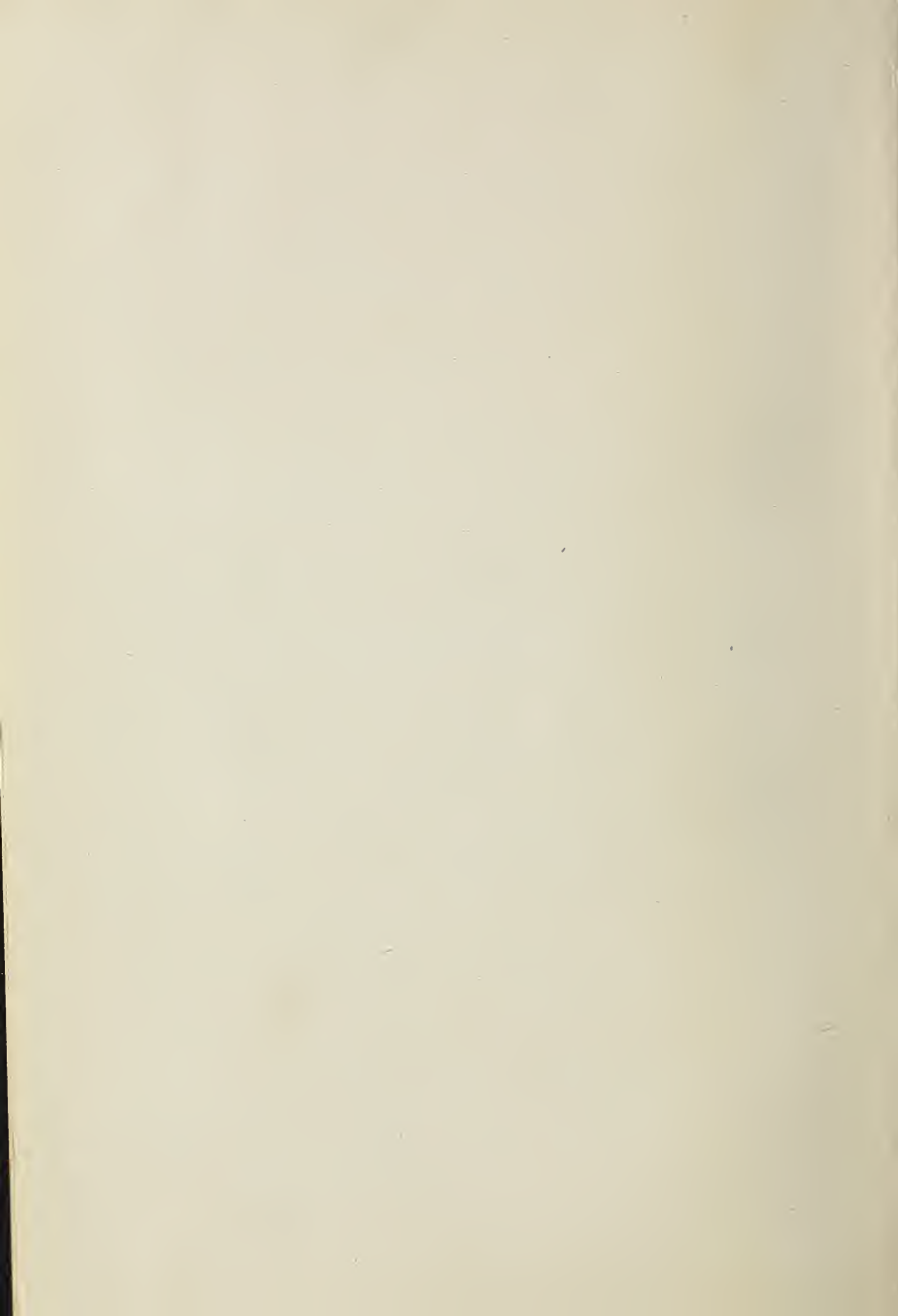
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I N D E X.

I. ACTION AND REACTION	9
II. HIS FOREBEARS	15
III. EARLY ENVIRONMENTS	23
IV. BORN AGAIN	29
V. MARRIAGE	41
VI. THE DIVINE LEADINGS	51
VII. HIS ORDINATION	63
VIII. HE BECOMES A MISSIONARY	77
IX. DAN CUPID TAKES A HAND	91
X. PASTOR EVANGELIST	107
XI. TRUE YOKEFELLOWS	127
XII. LONG PASTORATES	149
XIII. THE NESTOR OF MODERATORS	161
XIV. HE FELL ON SLEEP	173
XV. INTERESTING EPISODES	183
ADDENDA	203



FOREWORD.

It is unnecessary to say that this book is not a worthy appreciation of its subject: to do so, would be only anticipating the verdict of every intelligent reader that knew and loved this wonderful man who lived so nobly and wrought so effectively for God and man. To set forth, with accurate words and in attractive phrase, his worth and service, is beyond the power of my pen. However, this little book is my best effort to describe his character and portray his works and show him living and toiling as his brethren saw him.

I gratefully acknowledge the kindness of many of his friends, both laymen and pastors, who have assisted much in sending me reminiscences and appreciations of his worth.

Especially do I acknowledge my debt to Mrs. Burrilla B. Spencer—since deceased—widow of the late Dr. J. H. Spencer, for the privilege of reading the autobiography of her distinguished husband—still in manuscript and now deposited in the archives of the Kentucky Baptist Historical Society at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville. From this manuscript, I gathered many items of great importance

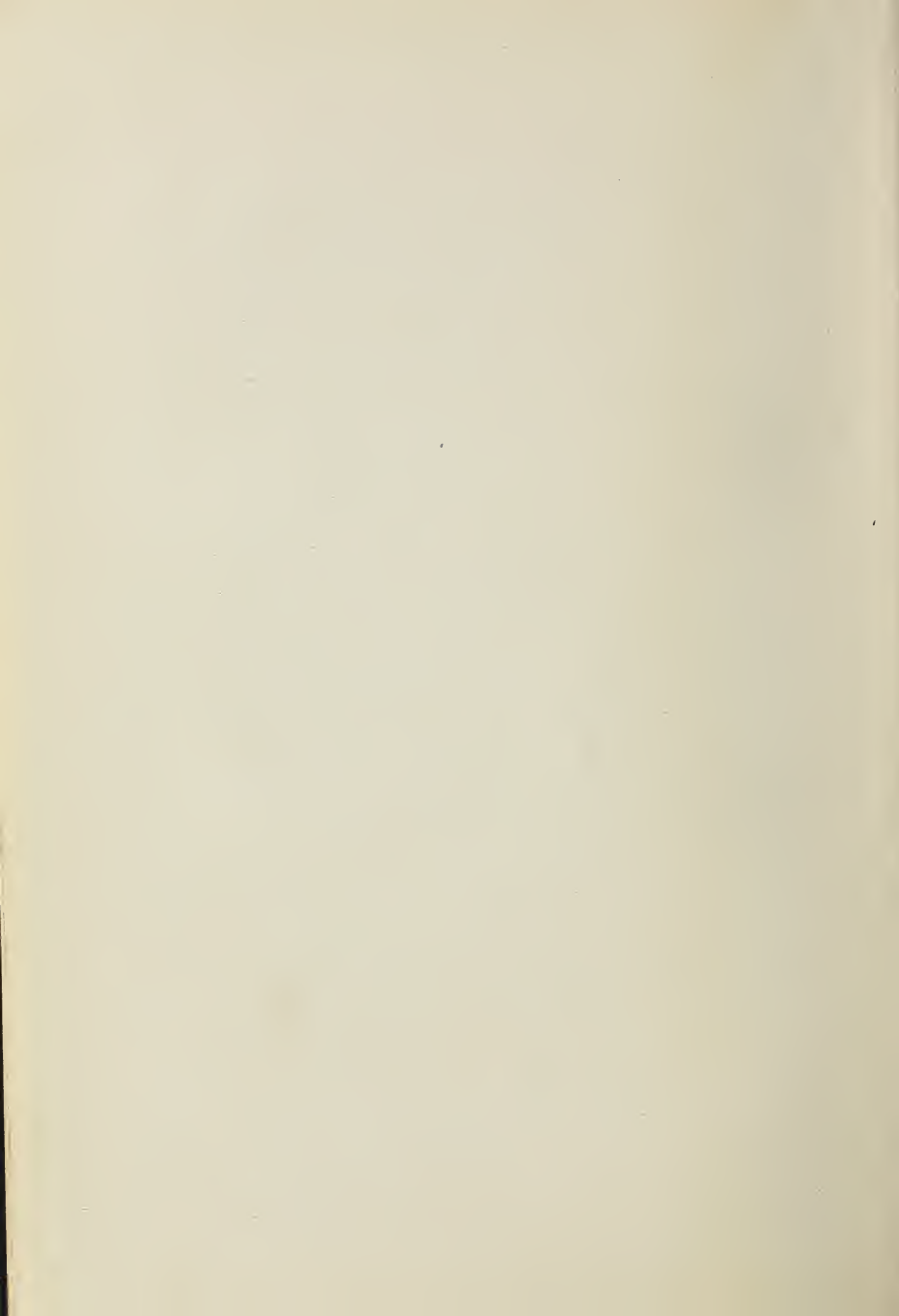
which could not have been found anywhere else. Dr. Spencer said on many occasions that he could not very well write an account of his own life and work without saying a great deal about Walter E. Powers, his yokefellow for thirty years in the ministry. I have also made copious use of biographical sketches in Dr. Spencer's History of Kentucky Baptists, but in almost every case they have been supplemented by conversations with Mr. Powers, during the three years he lived after I was requested to begin to collect material and prepare to write his biography.

It is not inappropriate to record the fact that this work was projected at the request of four noble laymen who came under the influence of Mr. Powers in their young manhood and were so gripped by him in the formative period of their characters, that they have never ceased to love and admire him for what he had been to them. All these brethren except one reside in Lexington. Their names are as follows: Sam B. Royster, J. N. Merchant, Louis M. Moore, and J. Harlan Callis.

And lastly, this book could not have been written without the memoranda of the man whose life and work are herein set forth. He furnished copious notes of his youth, young manhood, his long service in the ministry and his intimate relations with many laymen and

ministers in Kentucky who have ceased from their labors and gone to their reward on high.

Thomas Carlyle says that the history of the world is the biography of great men and that admiration for a great personality is the most vitalizing influence in the life of a man. Manliness, courageousness, loyalty to convictions, devotion to duty, and the power of achievement, are characteristics that enter into the make-up of a great man, and measured by these, Walter E. Powers deserves to have his name writ large in the history of Kentucky Baptists. His ministry was manly and courageous, and this little book is sent forth in the hope that it may inspire his brethren in the pastorate with the spirit of his unremitting devotion to duty, so free from taint of self and characterized by an unswerving loyalty to the Master, that made him so great a power for good in the world, also with the hope that it may perhaps be used of God to determine some young man, who has not yet made choice of his career, to give his life to the work of preaching the Word.



I.

ACTION AND REACTION.

If we knew all the influences that go into the making of any character, if we were able to compare them in detail and tabulate accurately all the factors which have acted on any man in his childhood and upbringing to manhood, we should be amply furnished with data for a satisfactory biography. Goethe says: "Everything that happens to us leaves some trace behind; everything contributes imperceptibly to make us what we are." Tennyson makes Ulysses, the hero of the Trojan war, express the same idea: "I am a part of all that I have met"; and Byron says: "I live not in myself, but I become a part of that around me."

It is no marvel, then, that the biographer wants to know all about the parents and grandparents of his hero, or even his more remote ancestors, so that their characteristics can be brought prominently into view. It is especially desirable that he bring into view an accurate photograph of the father and mother—their appearance and physique, their character, their disposition and their mental qualities should be

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

delineated: only in this way can the biographer determine how much of his father and mother, respectively, have been transmitted to their offspring. It goes without saying that in this method of presenting a sketch of the life and work of any man we find at the very outset that we are not dealing with an independent unit, but with a survival and re-appearance of many features of character and conduct that seemed to be buried in the oblivion of the past.

Again, it is important for the biographer to have knowledge of the more external influences—schools and school teachers, neighbors, home, pecuniary circumstances, the natural scenery of his environment, and by no means the least in the present case, the religious and the political atmosphere of the time. All these hold a fundamental place in moulding the character of the individual and making him what he is, and thus in many subtle ways they determine the course of the future life.

Scientists tell us that the two master influences in the world are heredity and environment. These two influences make men what they are, and they unceasingly play upon all men's lives from childhood to old age. But while these influences are moulding a man's character and shaping his conduct, it is in his

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

power to grasp the opportunity to effect "a more perfect adjustment to higher and better conditions, to balance some inward evil with some power or influence acting from without, in a word to make his environment at the same time it is making him. Now, what heredity has to do for a man is determined outside himself. No man can select his own parents. But every man, to some extent, can choose, or at least modify, his environment. His relation to it, however largely determined by heredity in the beginning, is always open to alteration. And so great is man's control over environment that he can so direct it as either to undo, modify, perpetuate or intensify earlier hereditary influences within certain limits.

The working of the foregoing influences is well understood by men in the ordinary affairs of life who have the habit of noting what is going on around them and are possessed by the faculty of tracing cause and effect. But for the sake of clarity a concrete example is offered which strikingly illustrates the claim that it is in a man's power to change his environment and thus appreciably modify the influences of heredity. In what may be called a typical community in Kentucky, sixty years ago, there were present the school-house, the post office,

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

the blacksmith shop, the churches, and the saloons. Then, as now, the saloons and churches, severally and collectively, stood as far apart as it is possible to conceive; then, as now, the churches stood for the conservation of all that is good in the community, the purification of society and the ennobling of manhood and womanhood; but then, as now, the presence of the saloon made for the depreciation of property, the lowering of the standard of morals and the debauching of manhood and womanhood; in short, from any point of view, the principles for which the saloons have always stood are essentially irreconcilable with the principles for which the churches have stood. It is no marvel, therefore, that the presence of the saloon in the community was a disturbing factor in the way of the churches' accomplishing their beneficent ends. And so it came about that at almost every business meeting of one church in a certain community, some member of the church was under discipline for drunkenness. It was also noted that those who were called before the church on account of this breach of Christian conduct said they got the intoxicants from a saloon, owned and operated by one of the members of the church. The cases of discipline were so many and came up with such frequency that

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

one member of the church, after close observation, mature consideration and fervent prayer over the condition of things in the congregation, gave notice that at the next monthly business meeting in the church, he would offer a resolution requiring the saloon-keeper to give up his iniquitous business on pain of being dis-fellowshipped by the church.

At the time to which reference is made, there was no precedent to justify such a proceeding, and by many good men in the church and upright citizens outside, the object of the resolution was regarded as an unwarranted interference with a man's personal liberty. However, at the appointed time, the resolution was offered and after two hearings when the question was discussed pro and con at great length, the church, almost unanimously, adopted the resolution, and the fellowship of the church was withdrawn from the man on account of his contumacy. But the action of the church, and the discussion of the principles involved, changed the moral atmosphere of the community so that it was a better place for man to live in and bring up their children to manhood and womanhood. The environment was changed because one man had the alertness of mind to see and the courage of heart to act.

II.

HIS FOREBEARS.

Walter Ellis Powers was born in Shelby County, Kentucky, June the 26, 1824. His paternal grandfather was one of the pioneers of Kentucky and came into the western wilderness when it was still a part of the domain of Virginia, and then known as Fineastle County. Afterwards, by an act of the Virginia legislature, it was called Kentucky County. Clement Powers, the father of Walter, was born before Kentucky was admitted into the Union in 1792; thus it came about that he could claim to have been a resident of both Virginia and Kentucky without changing his place of residence. To Clement Powers and his wife were born eight children, three sons and five daughters, all of which, except one daughter, grew up to manhood and womanhood. Our hero was the fourth child in the sequence of births. Walter's mother, whose maiden name was Nancy Ellis, was born during the last years of the eighteenth century, in Culpepper County, Virginia, a section of the Old Dominion that is hallowed in the mind and heart of every Baptist who takes any interest in the sufferings and achievements

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

of our Baptist fore-fathers. In this county, as well as in other parts of Virginia, during Colonial days, persecution raged against the Baptists in every conceivable form, and cruelty seemed to have taxed its ingenuity to invent new modes of punishment and annoyance. Concerning those vexatious days, Dr. Armitage says: "There were some noted cases of holy triumph, such as in the prison at Culpepper, whence Ireland, much after the order of Bunyan, who was had home to prison in the county jail of Bedford. One could hardly believe the story of the lengths to which these persecutions were carried, were they not well accredited historical facts. Powder was cast under the floor to blow up the jail in which Mr. Ireland was incarcerated, brimstone was burnt to suffocate him, and the attempt was made to administer poison to end his life. However, these diabolical schemes were frustrated, and after much suffering, he hardly escaped with his life; yet he says, 'My prison was a place in which I enjoyed much of the divine presence; a day seldom passed without some token of the divine goodness toward me.' "

Somewhat different, though none the less Satanic, were the persecutions meted out to David Barrow who afterwards came West and became one of the ablest and most influential

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

Baptist ministers in Kentucky at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Of the rectitude of his life, loyalty to the cause of Christ and constancy of zeal and piety, it would be difficult to say too much. But these things did not save him from the minions of the persecuting power.

“In 1778, Mr. Barrow was invited to preach at the house of a gentleman, living on Nansemond river, in Virginia, near the mouth of James river. A preacher of the name of Mintz accompanied him. On their arrival, they were informed that they might expect rough usage. And so it happened. A gang of well-dressed men came up to the stage, which had been erected under some trees. As soon as the hymn was given out, the persecutors sang an obscene song. They then seized both the preachers and dragged them down to a muddy pond, saying to them: ‘As you are fond of dipping, you shall have enough of it.’ They then plunged Mr. Barrow into the mud and water, holding him under until he was almost drowned. They then raised him up and asked him derisively if he believed. In this manner they plunged him the third time, asking him each time if he believed. He finally said: ‘I believe you will drown me.’ They plunged Mr. Mintz but once. The whole assembly was shocked. The women shrieked.

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

But none dared to interfere; for about twenty stout young fellows were engaged in this dastardly conduct. They insulted and abused the gentleman who invited them to preach, as well as every one who spoke in their favor. Before these persecuted men could change their clothes, they were dragged from the house and driven off by these outrageous churchmen.

“Such were some of the persecutions the Baptists had to endure only a little over a hundred years ago, for no other crime than that of preaching the Gospel. And let it not be forgotten that the persecutors were members of the Episcopal church, under whose auspices these horrid outrages were committed. But while it would be unwise to forget that the principles which led to these monstrous cruelties in the past would lead to the same results again should their adherents ever gain sufficient power, yet let no one entertain a vindictive, or even unkind, feeling toward the members of that persuasion.”

It would be super-serviceable to set forth again these well-attested occurrences in Baptist history, but for the fact that so many, even of our own people, have such an inadequate knowledge of the history of the Baptist denomination, and doubtless many persons who have not taken

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

the pains to inform themselves would receive with incredulity an account of the persecutions suffered by the Baptists in Virginia and other colonies before the founding of the American Republic.

The centennial of American Independence, in 1876, was deemed by the Baptists throughout the country a fit occasion to recount their history and accentuate their distinctive doctrines. The people generally were much enlightened concerning our history. It was an occasion of grateful and stimulating interest. But there were some surprises where they would have been least expected. On one occasion, before a large audience in the First Baptist Church in Petersburg, Virginia, the late Dr. J. L. M. Curry thrilled his hearers by a simple but masterly recital of the persecutions and sufferings of Virginia Baptists. Of course, he recounted the sufferings of the Craigs, Barrows, Wallers, and others. On returning home from the meeting, the daughter of one of the deacons, a very intelligent young woman, expressed surprise that so well-informed a man as Dr. Curry should believe that people had ever been persecuted in Virginia for preaching the Gospel. And a more remarkable case, showing the ignorance of men, otherwise well informed, concerning the princi-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

ples and practices of Baptists, is that which used to be told by Dr. J. Wm. Jones, who was, at the time of the occurrence, pastor of the Baptist church in Lexington, Va., and Gen. R. E. Lee was at the same time president of Washington and Lee College. Dr. Jones and Gen. Lee were on intimate terms of friendship with each other, and frequently exchanged social calls. General Lee called on Dr. Jones one afternoon when he was not at home. The next time they had occasion to meet, Dr. Jones expressed regret that he was not in when the General called. To this, Gen. Lee replied that the visit was nothing more than the recognition of social amenities between neighbors and friends, and he observed that he supposed the Doctor had been called to the home of one of his parishoners to christen an infant, or was engaged in some other pastoral duty.

Now, it is not unreasonable to believe that the stories of the persecutions and sufferings in Virginia, so unrighteously inflicted on our Baptist forefathers, and so patiently and courageously endured by them, were, again and again, told in the presence of Nancy Ellis—the future mother of our hero—who was old enough to have known and heard many of the men and women who had perfect knowledge of the par-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

ties that were the victims of so unrighteous proceedings. And the results of scientific observation and the uniform teachings of the Bible justify us in believing that the repeated narration of those stirring scenes and events made a lasting impression on the young mind and impressible heart of the future mother of our hero and entered largely into the formation of her character; and, in like manner, a knowledge of those events, being transmitted to her son, they became an appreciable factor in determining the manner of man he should become. We shall learn more of our hero's mother when he tells us of her beautiful character and her teachings and influence on his early life.

Mr. Powers was born at a time in the settlement and development of our Commonwealth, when many of the revolutionary heroes were still living. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson had a little more than two years to live when the fourth child of Clement Powers and his wife was born. Isaac Shelby, the first Governor of Kentucky, died in the same month that Jefferson did. James Monroe died in 1831. John Marshall and James Madison lived on till the year 1836, twelve years after Mr. Powers was born. Henry Clay, who has been in his grave more than sixty years, was at the zenith of his bril-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

liant career as orator, statesman and diplomat, when our hero first saw the light.

Many of the Baptist pioneers in the Commonwealth were still living and in active service when Mr. Powers was born. Walter Warder lived till the year 1836. Edmund Waller labored on till the year 1842, and his distinguished son, John L. Waller, was born only seventeen years before the subject of this biography, and he reached the zenith of his powers shortly after our hero attained to man's estate. For many years, Mr. Powers was neighbor to Wm. Vaughan, who was born in Pennsylvania, February 22, 1785, and died at Danville, Ky., March 31, 1877. Of this truly great man and prince in Israel, Dr. J. M. Pendleton wrote to Dr. Spencer on this wise: "I have heard the great preachers, so called, East and West, North and South, but I have heard no man superior to Dr. Vaughan."

The stirring days of the founding of the American Republic seem a long time back, and yet just a few links in the chain of time join us with that period. It is not a little remarkable that Mr. Powers was, so to speak, contemporary with every man that has been president of the United States, except George Washington, including Woodrow Wilson, the present incumbent of the White House.

III.

EARLY ENVIRONMENTS.

Walter E. Powers was the son of a prosperous farmer, and from childhood, both by precept and example, he was taught the importance of industry and economy. This teaching and example were not lost on the lad. After he reached manhood, it was ever a characteristic of him to do with his might whatsoever he found to do. He recognized the fact that "the soul's play-day is Satan's work-day; the idler the man, the busier the tempter." In his business transactions, before and after he became a preacher, he was scrupulously honest and prompt to meet all his obligations. He was wary of incurring obligations when there were not reasonable grounds for believing he would be able to meet them at maturity. And when he gave up his business and entered the ministry, he asked for no indulgence because he was a preacher and received an inadequate and uncertain stipend for his services. This same diligence and sense of obligation in financial affairs characterized his bearing as a pastor and preacher, even after he had passed his four-score years. Never pastor of any churches, except those located in rural

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

districts, and sometimes living at a distance of thirty miles from them, yet he never failed to be at his appointments on time. The winter winds never blew too cold, nor did the summer suns shine too hot for him to go to his appointments. A very interesting and characteristic story is handed down, which illustrates the persistence of the man. In going to one of his monthly appointments at Liberty Church in Oldham County, he had to travel over roads that had been made nearly impassable by recent heavy rains. But about one mile of the way, not very far from the church, the road was a continuous mudhole and often the wheels of the buggy would sink to the axles. After going a short distance on this part of the road, the trust old horse, Charlie, stopped stock still. The preacher tried to coax him to go on, but he wouldn't budge a step. He cut him with the whip, but that only made him more refractory. Something must be done immediately, or the pastor would not get to the church on time. So the preacher threw the buggy robe over Charlie's back and crawled out on it. The horse then responded promptly when he was told to go on; and thus the pastor rode on to the church, where a large congregation awaited his coming. One result of this unusual experience

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

was, that at the next meeting of the fiscal court of Oldham County, a petition was presented to have an allowance made for the improvement of the road. The allowance was granted, and the road was improved.

When not in school, the boys in the Powers home were required to work on the farm, and the girls were taught and required to practice the acts of household industry and economy. Seventy-five years ago, the economic position of women in the average Kentucky home was very different from what it is today. I suspect that there are men and women in many rural districts today who never saw a spinning wheel or a loom. At the time of which the author writes, the greater part of the cloth of which the wearing apparel was made for both men and women, was manufactured in the home, and the hum of the spinning wheel, the noise of the loom and the rattle of the shuttle, as it was driven back and forth by skilful hands, were familiar sounds in every well-ordered Kentucky home. The sight and sound of these implements of industry were a part of the everyday life of our hero.

Like many boys and girls of that day, and this, too, Walter thought the exactions of father and mother as to diligence and obedience were too severe; but after a lapse of seventy-five

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

years, a backward look on many years of experience and observation enabled him to see things in a different light and thus he could give a more unbiased judgment as to the discipline in the home in which he was brought up. It was hard for him then to see that discipline was not intended for the pleasure of his parents and an unnecessary interference with the pleasures of the children. In his old age, he could look back and see that what were deemed unnecessary restraints and painful chastisements were imposed by the hands of a father and mother who had only love for their children.

One little bit of experience was still vivid in the memory of Mr. Powers when he was ninety years old. In the distribution of labor on the farm, it generally fell to his lot to act as mill-boy. Once a week, a sack of corn was prepared for the old-fashioned watermill. The corn was generally brought into the family room, after the evening meal, on the cob and shelled by hand and early next morning Walter would have to mount the horse with the sack of corn under him and go to the mill and return in time for school, if school were in session. Some of the bright lads who are in school today would find going to mill in this way a more difficult performance than it seems to be in the telling

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

of it. In the first place, the corn had to be so divided that there would be an equal amount in each end of the sack and then laid on the horse with mathematical precision, and when the rider mounted, he would have to sit with military erectness, lest the equilibrium should be destroyed and the sack of corn would slide to the ground. This misfortune has befallen many a boy in going to mill and then he would have to wait till some one came along and helped him get the sack on the horse again.

The facilities for acquiring an education during the boyhood days of our hero were not so good as they are today. And yet good and effective work was accomplished in the schools of that period. Many of the lawyers, doctors and preachers, who afterwards attained to eminence in their professions, received their preliminary training in those schools. Walter was kept in school with more regularity than the average boy in the neighborhood, and he enjoyed all the advantages offered by the common schools at that time. Moreover, he was permitted to attend some select schools. These schools were sometimes taught by a man who acted in the three-fold capacity of teacher, trustee and disciplinarian. In short, the school was his, and effective teaching was the only basis of

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

his appeal for securing students whose parents or guardians paid for their tuition. Then, again, these schools were taught in what was called "the Academy," where two or more teachers worked together in conducting a school. The Powers boy received training in one such school that was presided over by Thomas Rice, whose intellectual furnishings and scholarly attainments attracted the notice of the trustees of Georgetown College, and they offered him the presidency of that institution. This offer, however, was declined by Mr. Rice, and he continued teaching a select school which Walter attended for several years. Also he received instruction in another school of the same kind conducted by one Professor P. D. Porter. So it can be said that he received a fair English education, and it is known also that he acquired some knowledge of the Latin language, though he never became proficient in reading that language.

IV.

BORN AGAIN.

“The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.” There is something in the spiritual life which cannot be explained or fully comprehended and which reveals itself only in its manifestations and can be known only by experience; it is a life which no one can trace backwards to its origin or forward to its culmination. But there is also present in every genuine conversion the human element which can, in a measure, be understood. While reverently acknowledging the sovereignty of God in the matter of salvation, there are many wise and good men who hold that in conversion the human agency is always present.

Mr. Powers never could trace in detail all the human influences that led to his conversion. In his case, however, as in all others, human agencies had their part in bringing about his salvation. It was his good fortune to be the son of a mother who studiously read her Bible and meditated on its teachings, incorporated them into her life and diligently taught them to her

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

children. With a heart made tender and gracious by God's redeeming love, she endeavored to impart to her children as they grew to the years of accountability, the divine truths that had been blessed to her conversion and had gone into the building of her character. These truths were strikingly exemplified in her life and illustrated in her daily walk and conversation. She not only taught her son to eschew evil and love righteousness, but with line upon line, and precept upon precept, she impressed on him the fact that sin had wrought great havoc in the world. And she fertilized her teachings with prayers and tears. Thus the mother whose influence was seemingly confined to the four walls of her own house was lodging a Christian principle in the heart of a son who was to give it currency in one form or other to the remotest corners of the earth.

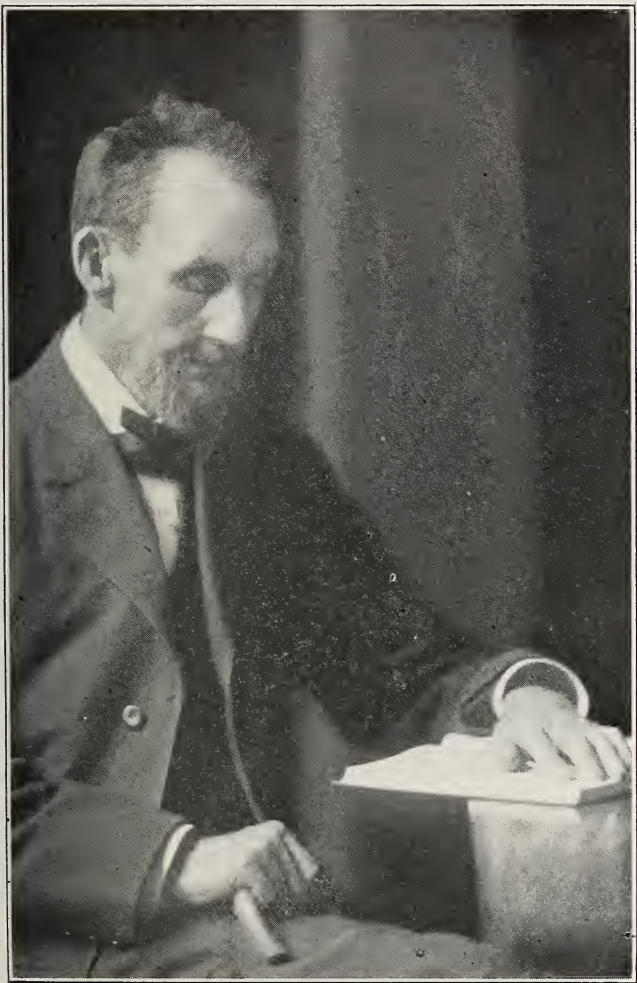
Another important factor in effecting Walter's conversion, was the preaching of Edward Gardner Berry, who was pastor of Dover Church in Shelby County, of which his mother was a member at the time of his conversion. The crisis in his religious experience came in the autumn of 1839, when he was in his sixteenth year. It was in October of that year when the pastor was assisted in a meeting of days by Rev. John

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

Dale. Walter was under conviction when the meeting came on. He was greatly troubled on account of both individual sins and multiplied transgressions. He was not only ashamed and distressed, because he was conscious of having committed so many acts of voluntary transgression, but the burden of sin was the more grievous because of the fact that the doing of these things seemed to show that he was the kind of person to whom it was natural to do them. This was his great burden, and how to get rid of it was the one thing he anxiously sought. It was not difficult to see how God could save a good man, but to save one the very springs of whose moral life were tainted with sin was beyond his comprehension. So, like many another man has done, he set about to make himself good by prayer and the doing of everything else in his power which he thought would make him a better boy. His efforts were futile; he found no relief, rather, the burden became more onerous. In this hour of darkness and distress, the plain teachings of the Bible were brought effectively home to him. These fundamental truths so often heard and hitherto unheeded were accepted by him when no other way of deliverance could be found. The one Scripture on which his soul laid fast hold was the golden

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

text: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." These truths he believed with all his heart. So when he abandoned the hope of salvation by making himself good and put his trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, there came into his heart the sweet consciousness of acceptance with God, and he became possessed of that peace which passeth all understanding. As in every case of genuine conversion, so with him, there were some features that elude the power of adequate expression and can only be known by those who have felt the burden of sin and then experienced the joy consequent on its removal. When Walter was converted, he had a very high estimate of the privileges and obligations of a member of the church; so high was his estimate of these duties and privileges that, notwithstanding the peace that flooded his soul, he did not deem himself good enough to justify his application for membership in the church. Is it not always true that, when one becomes a child of God by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and has a well-grounded hope of salvation by grace, his moral senses become quickened and the sense of unworthiness becomes intensified? Doubtless, this high ideal of conduct and the



WALTER ELLIS POWERS

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

conscious inability to live up to it have deterred many persons from uniting with the church when they were first converted. It was so in the case of this young man. But the preachers and members of Dover Church thought his place was in the fold, and not on the outside. So he was baptized by Elder E. G. Berry, the 17th day of October, 1839, and became a member of Dover Church, where his membership remained till he moved with his family into the neighborhood of Long Run Church with which he then became identified and where his membership was when he died.

These two preachers, John Dale and E. Gardner Berry, deserve at least a passing notice in this connection, not only because of their association with the early religious experience of the subject of this biography, but because of their intrinsic worth of character and their unremitting and successful labors in the Kingdom. They were both effective preachers of the Gospel and labored diligently to build up the churches within the bounds of Long Run, Shelby and Sulphur Fork Associations.

John Dale was born in Woodford County, Kentucky, November 6, 1789; was born again when he was only twelve year old, and was baptized by Edmund Waller in the year 1801

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

and became a member of Hillsboro church in his native county. Removing to Shelby County in the year 1818, he located on Long Run, a small tributary of Floyd's Fork, and united with South Long Run Church. The church here soon recognized the worth of his character and, believing he had the Scriptural qualifications for the making of an effective preacher, they licensed him to preach, and about the year 1825, when he was thirty-eight years old, he was ordained and set apart to preach the Gospel. Immediately after his ordination, he was called to the pastoral care of Long Run Church, to which he transferred his membership, where it remained till a church was organized at Simpsonville, of which he also became pastor. He was also pastor of Dover and Pleasant Grove churches. Under his ministry at Long Run, during a pastorate of fifteen years, the church received into its fellowship on profession of faith in Christ and by baptism, 305 members and within nine years at Simpsonville, he baptized 297.

Concerning this pre-eminently successful pastor, Dr. Spencer writes thus: "Among the many faithful ministers of the Cross that have labored to build up the cause of truth within the bounds of Long Run Association, none have

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

been more successful than John Dale. During a period of twenty years, he labored with tireless zeal, and was during that period the most popular minister in the Association. As an expositor of the Scriptures, he was below mediocrity. His principal gift was that of exhortation, and in this he has seldom or never been surpassed. He always drew large congregations, and never failed to rivet attention. Weeping and rejoicing commingled in every congregation he preached to. His exhortations consisted mainly of quotations from the Scriptures, so forcibly applied that the effect was electrical. Although not a scholar, a profound thinker, nor a logician, he was eminently a great man. But, above all, he maintained a spotless Christian character."

Edwin Gardner Berry was born in Clark County in the year 1801, the year John Dale was baptized. He was the son of Lewis Berry, and his mother was a daughter of Elder William Rash, many descendants of whom have lived nobly and wrought well in Clark County. Mr. Berry's parents were not by any means in affluent circumstances, and his opportunities for acquiring an education were limited. He was fond of music and studied that science to such effect he was able to teach the rudiments of it

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

to others. And having a voice of great compass and more than ordinary sweetness, and having affable manners, he was a welcome member in every circle, whether religious or social. In the year 1821, he was married to Ellen Strode, the daughter of John Strode. Also the descendants of the Strodes are many, and favorably known throughout the Central Bluegrass region of Kentucky. Mrs. Berry was a remarkable woman in many respects. She might very appropriately be described as the counterpart of the virtuous woman, a pen portrait of which Solomon gives: "She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." Mrs. Berry became the mother of eighteen children, fourteen of whom grew up and became members of Baptist churches. Moreover, this remarkable couple took into their home four orphans, which they educated and brought up to manhood and womanhood. It is no marvel that Mr. Berry could say that he owed his success in life as much to his wife's industry and skilful management of household affairs as to his own energy and prudence.

In the year 1824, Mr. Berry and his wife moved to Henry County and located on a farm

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

not far from New Castle, the county seat. In the year 1828 a most remarkable revival visited New Castle under the ministry of Silas M. Noel and Jeremiah Vardeman, when one hundred and sixty-five souls were converted and received into the fellowship of the Baptist Church. Mr. Berry and his wife were among the number. He continued to live on his farm near New Castle till the year 1834, when he moved to a farm near East Fork Church in the same county, and in June of that year, he and his wife united with that church. Very soon after casting in his lot with the East Fork Church, he was chosen a deacon. The following year, he was licensed to preach, and within a few months he was ordained to the ministry. At this time, he was about thirty-four years old. Not very long after his ordination, he became pastor of the Baptist church at LaGrange, which he served for twenty-six years. From the first, he became actively identified with the work in Sulphur Fork Association. His sterling worth and the abounding confidence in him was shown by the fact that he was elected moderator of that old fraternity for fifty years in succession. Mr. Berry's preaching abilities were not marked at the beginning. From the first, however, he was a diligent student of the Bible, and never advanced

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

a proposition that was not sustained by the teachings of the Scriptures. His pulpit ministrations were noted for their plain, practical bearings on the plan of salvation and the growth of Christian character, rather than for being profound and brilliant. His preaching was pre-eminently Biblical and was permeated with the very spirit of the Gospel. He was frequently called on to preach at associations and on other extraordinary occasions and was never known to make a failure. Having studied his subject thoroughly and knowing beforehand what he wanted to say, he delivered his message and sat down. From the time of his ordination till he had passed his four-score years, he enjoyed a good degree of success in the ministry.

Mr. Powers often heard these godly ministers preach before he was converted, and in the early days of his Christian life and in his father's home after his conversion, they were frequently guests, and thus he had opportunities of a closer touch with them. But the lustre of their character was not dimmed by a near view. The enchanted view of the distance was confirmed by immediate contact. With Mr. Berry, our hero was often engaged in revival meetings in the early days of his ministry, and being a man of close observation, having a re-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

ceptive mind and a heart appreciative of all that is noble and good in others, it is no marvel that the young preacher profited by such noble examples as he found in the lives and teachings of these devoted servants of God.

V.

MARRIAGE.

When Walter was about eighteen years old his father died and with his death every feasible way of acquiring an education was closed. The labor of his hands was needed on the farm. An older brother rented the farm and Walter worked with him. This arrangement continued for a few months when a man in the neighborhood, who owned several servants, proposed that young Powers should take the oversight of his farm and servants. At first the young man declined because his labor was needed at home. However, when the farmer offered him a liberal compensation for his services he accepted the proposition and engaged to take the management of the farm. The stipulated sum was \$25.00 per month, in addition to which he received his board, washing and the keep of his horse free. This was regarded as a generous wage at that time, when the purchasing power of money was much above what it is at this writing. Coming from a shrewd and successful business man, this proposition was quite a compliment to a young man who still lacked

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

three years of reaching his majority. Young as he was, however, Walter was well aware that this was no charity arrangement, a full equivalent for all that he received was to be returned. With this understanding he entered on the management of the farm. This contract continued for two years, during which time no complaint was heard from the employer. At the end of two years, however, young Powers declined to enter into an engagement for another year, and he went to live with a widowed sister with whom he remained two years, and during the time had the management of her farm.

On the 26th day of June, 1845, Mr. Powers attained his majority and thus became possessed of the privileges of an American citizen—in conventional phrase, he became a freeman, could own property in his own name, and was no longer subject to tutors and governors. But he did not choose long to abide in this new freedom. In scientific parlance, he became obsessed with the passion of mate-hunger, and so, on the 11th day of September, 1845, having won the hand and heart of Miss Mary Jane Hurstman, the daughter of Mathias Hurstman and Lucy Hurstman, his wife, he was joined to her in the bands of holy wedlock. From every consideration this was a happy union. It brought good

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

and gladness of heart to all concerned. It falls to the lot of few men to have a more loyal, thoughtful and capable helpmate than had Mr. Powers. Very few children ever had a more affectionate, considerate and resourceful mother than the Powers children.

When the war-cloud burst on the country, in 1861, Mr. and Mrs. Powers were in more than easy pecuniary circumstances; they had enough and to spare. And those who knew them in those days of temporal prosperity testify that the reputation of Kentucky's hospitality did not suffer in their hands. But while there was nothing lacking in the way of entertaining their friends, on the other hand, nothing was carried to the length of prodigality, nothing was ever done for mere ostentation. In entertaining their friends, the one end in view was that both hosts and guests should have good fellowship, and that their social intercourse should result in genuine recreation of both mind and body. After Mr. and Mrs. Powers became established in their own home, not many days passed when there was not one, or more, guests to break bread with them, and often visits of a day were prolonged into weeks. But the presence of guests in the home never jarred the domestic machinery; parents, children and servants went

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

on with their daily vocations as though there were no guests present.

And when there were no guests in the home, daily life did not settle down to a humdrum affair. How could it? Six husky boys and five sprightly girls were born into the Powers home, and under the fostering care of parents, more than ordinarily endowed with the genius of common sense, they grew to manhood and womanhood. Something was always doing in that home.

One great aspiration of a father and mother is to bring up their children in such a way that when they attain the age of manhood and womanhood they may become useful members of society, state and church. The combined wisdom and efforts of both parents are needed to accomplish this desired end. And yet, not infrequently, after the most praiseworthy efforts the finished product of this combined wisdom and patience is far from being satisfactory. It is often the case that in families where there is a large number of children, there will be a foolish son who is a grief to his father, or a wayward daughter who is a shame to her mother. However, when parents are permitted to see their children grow up to manhood and womanhood and when, both from training and

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

intuition, they recognize the wise or proper course to pursue and then conduct themselves accordingly, we know that the heaven-ordained function of the home has been fulfilled. This divine purpose of marriage was successfully accomplished in the home of Walter E. Powers and his wife.

Not only must the minds of children be educated and their morals looked after, but their bodies must be clothed and fed. And the amount of food a large family of boys and girls can consume and the quantity of clothing they can wear out in the course of a year are known only to the father and mother who have to provide them. And surely it is no minor task to feed eleven mouths and clothe eleven bodies and keep shoes on twenty-two feet. But nothing less than this fell to the lot of Mr. Powers and his wife. To meet their responsibilities as parents required the greatest diligence and rare good judgment on his part, and skill, economy and industry on hers. So he addressed himself to the task before him by engaging in tilling the soil, trading in stock, and for a while he engaged in the mercantile business. Thus he continued in this threefold manner of acquiring a livelihood without interruption for twelve or thirteen years. His business ventures prospered

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

and he was thus not only able to provide for the recurrent wants of a growing family, but he paid for the farm on which he was living and also purchased a number of slaves.

The claims of business took strong hold on Mr. Powers and he gave himself to it with a will. Meantime the claims of his church sat loosely on him and he fell far short of meeting all the obligations of a church-member and living up to the privileges of a Christian. His conduct, however, was more in the line of duties omitted rather than in the violation of specific rules of Christian conduct. Thus it came to pass that exclusive devotion to secular affairs was at the loss of spiritual growth. The order of procedure laid down by the Great Teacher is to seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness. Our hero was reversing this divine order in the first twelve years of his wedded life. He did not yet recognize that the interests of the Kingdom are to have the right of way on all occasions and in all places. Life does need certain supports and appliances; however, they are few indeed and simple, and, when men live according to the divine order they are adequate and constant. The laws of the Kingdom inhibit no necessary occupations, no reasonable pleasures, no innocent relaxations.

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

All things belong to the people of God—this marvelous life, so full of meaning, so pregnant with golden opportunities. But these things are theirs on this condition: That they themselves are Christ's. When the law of the Cross becomes the law of life, when men have learned to surrender themselves, then and then only can they claim to be creation's heirs.

When Saul was consenting unto the death of Stephen, God had his eyes on the young Pharisee, when he made havoc of the church, entering into every house and haling men and women, committed them to prison, God was looking on, and when he continued to breathe out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples, the Lord was marking his every movement. God looked down from heaven on this young man, not as an adversary whose assaults are formidable, but as an instrument which may be turned to another use. As clay in the hands of the potter this man lies. Saul, of Tarsus, called to be an apostle, is a conspicuous example of Divine Sovereignty. He did not first choose Christ, but Christ chose him. In his greetings to the churches, in all his epistles, Paul gives conspicuous recognition to the Divine Sovereignty, and in the Galatian letter he declares himself to have been called, "not of men,

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

neither by man, but by Jesus Christ and God the Father, who raised him from the dead.”

In choosing his instruments God is no less a sovereign to-day than he was when he called Saul to the apostleship. The accessories in revealing his sovereignty may not be as much in evidence as they were when Saul was laid hold of by the hands of God in such dramatic fashion. But they are always present. We don't know why the Lord did not lay his hand on Walter Ellis Powers before he did any more than we know why he allowed Saul to stain his hands with the blood of his saints. We don't know why He allowed our hero to give the first dozen years of his young manhood to a successful business career and then deprive him of the fruits of his labors. We may speculate about both, but absolute knowledge in the one case, as well as in the other, is beyond our ken. Doubtless, the Lord has often set apart men to engage in business and accumulate property to promote the interests of the Kingdom. Many illustrations of a Divine call to a business life could be cited, but one will suffice. Deacon William Colgate was such a man. He was one of the most consecrated and noble laymen in the Baptist denomination, seventy-five years ago, in America. He founded and built up a

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

large manufacturing business in the city of New York, which, by the superior merits of its products, and by his skill and diligence, endowed him with abundant means of doing good. His elevated character and Christ-like spirit led him to the noblest acts of benevolence in the building of churches, schools for the education of young ministers, the missionary enterprise and the relief of the poor. A pure Bible was also as dear to Mr. Colgate as his own life, and few men have done more to give such a Bible to the world. Bible revision among Baptists seventy-five years ago was a live question, and, strange to say, all Baptists were not in favor of revision. But Deacon Colgate favored revision with all his heart. And when a small edition of the New Testament was called for, setting forth the character of the emendations desired, in regard to obsolete words and phrases that failed to express the meaning of the original Greek and other errors of translation, he signified his approval of the request and assumed the responsibility of paying the cost of the plates and printing.

However, notwithstanding the marked success of Mr. Powers as a business man, the Lord clearly indicated that he had work for him other than that of money getting. And when he was

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

called to another and different sphere of activity in the Kingdom, the fact was made known to him, not in a spectacular manner, but quietly and unobtrusively, and yet none the less unmistakably.

As a premonitory step to his being called into the ministry, God did not so order that he should first be deprived of his property. It is a fact, however, that his temporal possessions were wrested from his hands, as it were, by one turn of the wheel, but not till he had been preaching several years and had given good proof his ministry. In the first impressions of his being called as a minister of the gospel the human element is as clearly recognized as it was in his conversion.

VI.

THE DIVINE LEADINGS.

The method by which God made known his will to the prospective preacher and the church of which he was a member was somewhat on this wise: Soon after Mr. Powers reached his majority he joined the Masonic Fraternity and, after a few years, he was elected to preside over the business meetings in the lodge of which he was a member. In order to show his appreciation of the confidence placed in him, also the ambition to conduct the meetings in an orderly manner, he applied himself to the study of parliamentary law and the rules governing deliberative bodies. Thus while studying parliamentary law, he was also presiding in the lodge meetings and had an opportunity of becoming proficient in the application of the knowledge acquired. In the course of a few years, Mr Powers became known throughout the Masonic Fraternity in the Commonwealth as a skilful and efficient presiding officer.

I suppose that in the majority of Baptist churches in Kentucky the pastor presides over the business meetings of the church. But this is not the case in all churches. In some sections

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

of the state it is the custom to call a layman to preside over the deliberative meetings of the church. In some churches the moderator is elected for an indefinite term. But almost universally among country churches, fifty years ago, the custom was to transact all their business at a Saturday meeting held in the forenoon. After the sermon the church was called to order by the moderator, an opportunity was given for any one to join the church, whether by letter or by experience and baptism. These Saturday meetings were also the occasions when all cases of discipline were considered, and the finances of the church attended to. And not infrequently the pastor utilized these occasions for imparting instruction to the members of the church concerning the fundamental doctrines of the Bible, and the principles that distinguish the Baptists from other denominations. Some of the subjects discussed were these: The qualifications for church membership, the place and meaning of the ordinances in the New Testament economy, and the obligations to carry the message of the gospel to the regions beyond. Mr. Powers thinks this fidelity in indoctrinating the members of the church accounts for the fact that in that day men were often taken from the pew and placed in the

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

pulpit. This was strikingly true in the case of himself, John Dale, E. G. Berry, and J. B. Moody, not one of whom began preaching before he was thirty-four years old.

The first office that Mr. Powers ever held in the church was that of Moderator. It came about on this wise. On one occasion when the church came together on a Saturday morning for the transaction of business, it was found that the regularly elected moderator was not present. While the brethren were informally talking over the subject of a moderator pro-tem, the pastor suggested that they had in their own church one of the best moderators in the state, and he mentioned the name of Mr. Powers. He was invited to act as moderator that day, and very soon afterwards he was elected to preside regularly over the business meetings of Long Run Church.

In the course of a few months after Mr. Powers became moderator of the church his responsibilities as a Christian and a member of the church began to weigh more heavily on him. This sense of responsibility was made more acute by a conversation between himself and wife. They had been to church on one occasion, and while returning to their home the subject of religion was discussed by them, and they

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

were both specially depressed because of the lethargy that had settled down on their church. There was manifest very little spiritual life and no serious effort to extend the boundaries of the Kingdom. Mrs. Powers remarked that she knew where the trouble was; that they were all remiss in their daily walk and conversation. And without wasting time and talk over prevailing conditions in the church, she brought the matter nearer to themselves by saying they should have family prayers in their home. Their responsibilities as church members, and especially as parents whose children were growing up around them accentuated the situation, and her husband was compelled to acknowledge that she was right. But there were difficulties in the way. However imperative the call for a man to do his duty, he will always find some obstacle in the way. The long neglected duty of divine worship in the home was not to be taken up without a consideration of the difficulties sure to be encountered. One difficulty seemed formidable enough to deter him from assuming the responsibility of beginning to conduct daily family worship. At this time Mr. Powers had extensive business relations and necessarily had dealings with other business men. And he was apprehensive that if he

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

began to hold family worship in the evening, and should his friends visit him and remain over night, his courage would fail him and he would let the worship go by default. But the good wife and considerate mother was resourceful and came to the rescue. She had already anticipated the difficulties he presented and discounted them. No doubt his friends would often be stopping with him in the future as they had in the past, and when they remained overnight she would undertake to arrange the situation so that there would be little or no embarrassment. Accordingly an opportunity soon presented itself to test the resourcefulness of the good wife and the courage of the husband. A business friend was a guest in the home for a night, and after supper the host and his friend talked politics, business and the current topics of the day, and when the hour came for them to retire, Mrs. Powers set the light in the proper place and handed the Bible to her husband and said: "It is bedtime, let us have prayer and retire." The husband's courage did not fail him, and thus it came about that in no strained and stilted manner, daily worship was established in the Powers home, never to be discontinued till the wife and mother had been called from labor to reward and the

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

sons and daughters had gone from the home of their childhood to establish homes for themselves. It is no wonder that Mr. Powers, in his old age, held sacred the memory of the wife of his young manhood, who always seconded his best efforts and often led the way in meeting the obligations mutually resting on them.

In the year 1858, in the month of October, Long Run Church was engaged in a protracted meeting. At the time Rev. John Dulaney was pastor of the church, who, according to Dr. Spencer, possessed small preaching gifts and was not otherwise very profitable in the ministry. However that may be, it is to his credit that he recognized ministerial gifts in Walter Ellis Powers. The first efforts of the meeting were to arouse in the members of the church a sense of their responsibility concerning the unconverted in the community. Even before the meeting began Mr. Powers was troubled with the feeling that he was not doing his whole duty, nor living up to the full privileges of an heir of the Kingdom. One morning, in the devotional meeting that usually preceded the more formal preaching services, after several prayers had been offered and a number of talks had been made, the pastor remarked that they would be glad to hear from Bro. Powers if he had

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

anything in his heart he would like to tell. Mr. Powers had been wanting to give expression to the feelings in his heart, but had not been able hitherto to summons the courage to do so. However, when the pastor invited him to speak, he pulled himself together and unbosomed himself to the brethren. He never could recall every thing he said on this occasion, but one thing, even in his old age, stood out with vividness. He confessed his shortcomings and deplored his want of diligence as a member of the church and avowed his purpose, henceforth, to live differently, and he closed by requesting his brethren that if they had anything for him to do he would be glad for them to tell him and he would try to do it. When he had ceased talking and taken his seat, the pastor, without preaching any formal sermon, invited those who wished to join the church to come forward; also those who wished to be prayed for, whether members of the church or not, were requested to come forward and give the pastor their hands. The whole audience, as if moved by one common impulse, came forward and gave the pastor their hands, thus signifying their desire to be prayed for. After the services closed and the congregation was dispersing, Mr. Powers asked the pastor why he had omitted the ser-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

mon. The reply of the pastor to this question was that one sermon was enough and that Mr. Powers himself had preached it, and that none of them could do so well as he had done. And, looking him straight in the eyes, he said: "Bro. Powers, you can preach and you had just as well roll up your sleeves and go at it." The members of the church as well as the pastor were impressed with the talk and recognized in him ministerial gifts. And so a few days after he made his talk, at the regular business meeting of the church, Mr. Powers was granted permission to exercise his gifts, and at the same time was requested by the church to preach for them one Sunday in each month. So the announcement was made that he would preach at his home church two weeks from the time when he was granted license to exercise his ministerial gifts. Having two weeks to get ready to deliver his maiden sermon, he immediately set about finding a text from which to preach, and after much reading and meditation he selected the Scripture in which Moses announced his authority for going to the ancient Hebrews to deliver them from Egyptian bondage: "I AM hath sent me unto you." The writer of this sketch is not advised as to the nature of the message in this first effort to

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

preach the gospel, but it is in evidence that Mr. Powers never afterwards selected this text as a basis for a sermon. But having begun this work our hero threw himself into it with all the energy he could command. He gave as much time as he could spare from his business to a diligent study of the Bible during the week, and on Saturday he would mount his horse and go to some church to hear the pastor preach on Saturday and the Sunday following. While he had always been an attentive listener to the preacher, now he gave attention, not only to the subject matter of the sermon, but noted the method by which the thought of the text was unfolded and presented. On these occasions he would generally remain over Saturday night and Sunday and in the intervals between the services, on Saturday and the Sunday following, the time was largely spent in discussing subjects suggested by the teachings of the Bible, such as Christian experience, the qualifications for church membership, and the final preservation of the Saints, and other kindred subjects. A custom extensively prevailing when Mr. Powers began to preach, and somewhat embarrassing to the tyro in pulpit effort, was that he should visit the neighboring churches in the Association and preach for them occasionally,

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

so that when his ordination was called for they would be able to take an intelligent part in the services when he was formally set apart to the work of preaching the gospel and sent forth with the commission of the church and approved of the ordaining council.

In accordance with this custom Mr. Powers had visited all the churches adjacent to the neighborhood in which he lived except one. He had on one or two occasions met the pastor of that church, and for some cause or other, either real or imaginary, he was not favorably impressed with his bearing. However, it was not the proper thing to omit a visit to his church and so, with some misgivings, he summoned all the courage he could command and went on to the church. On Sunday morning the pastor requested the licentiate to preach, but he declined, saying he had come to hear the pastor. The pastor then invited him to preach in the afternoon to which the objection was made that there would be no one to hear him. The pastor said nothing more just then and Mr. Powers thought the embarrassment of preaching in that church would be escaped. But to his great surprise, when the pastor closed his sermon he announced that Bro. Powers would preach in the afternoon, and also repeated the conversa-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

tion that occurred just before the services began, and he made special request that every one present would return to the afternoon services and bring another person with him. They took heed to the request of the pastor, and when Mr. Powers went into the pulpit in the afternoon he faced an audience that taxed the capacity of the church building. When the preliminary services were over Mr. Powers announced his text and the pastor took a seat just in front of him. The presence of an older minister should have been assuring to the tyro in the role of preacher, but in this case it was rather depressing. However, the young preacher courageously, so to speak, took the pastor on his back and proceeded to deliver his sermon; but for quite a while the going was heavy. In his strenuous efforts to make headway he caught the eye of a noble Christian woman, whose countenance beamed strength and encouragement. Immediately the preacher's heart caught fire and his soul became surcharged with courage and he threw the pastor from his back and in a time much shorter than it takes to relate it, the whole congregation was under the sway of the preacher's power. Before the sermon had been quite finished, the older preacher, W. W. Foree, had his arms around the young man, and,

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

in one sense, kept them there as long as he lived. He immediately invited Bro. Powers to assist him in a meeting he contemplated holding soon. The invitation was accepted and the meeting resulted in a genuine revival of the church and the conversion of many souls. The young preacher found the older one to be a father in Israel, a true yoke-fellow, and one of the best men he ever knew. Thus was the prepossession of Mr. Powers against Mr. Force proved to be unfounded; all that was needed to remove the prejudice was a more intimate acquaintance.

The church in which these things occurred is Ballardsville, and the noble woman whose presence was such an inspiration to the young preacher was Mrs. Sarah Ellis, a kinswoman of Mr. Powers, and some, whose children are still living, numbered among the good citizens of Oldham County.

VII.

HIS ORDINATION.

The right of the churches in the days of the Apostles to manage their internal affairs arose primarily from the fact that each congregation was complete in itself for all the purposes of its own church life. Whatever fraternal sympathy and fellowship it might crave, it was in itself the visible Church of Christ and complete for all the ends of a visible church. But from the days of the apostles, a spirit of comity and a disposition to fraternal intercourse have always existed among Baptist churches wherever found. And so, in accordance with the genius of the New Testament economy, one church is restrained from taking a step that would in any way involve the interests of other churches. This denominational comity is strikingly illustrated in the action of formally setting apart a man to the work of preaching the Gospel. When any given church recognizes in one of her members ministerial gifts, she does not, independently of other churches, ordain him to the work of preaching the Gospel. She invites other churches to send trustworthy men—pastors and laymen—to sit in council with them in taking

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

this important step. But however many and wise may be the pastors and laymen present, their mission is only advisory. The ordination is the act of the church. The custom of inviting other churches to send brethren to the ordaining council is only precautionary—to guard against sending out unworthy men, bearing the credentials of the churches, to preach the Gospel. In the early years of the last century, a request from one of the churches in Long Run Association was to the effect that the Association should devise some plan which would prevent the ordination of unworthy men to the ministry. The following is the reply to this request: “We advise that in the ordination of ministers, the united consent of the church be gained; and we think it not improper for her to advise with the sister churches most convenient; and that at least three experienced men in the ministry be called to assist in the work, having due regard to the word of the Lord on the subject.” If this writer is correctly informed, the English Baptists attach very little importance to ordination and in most cases they dispense with it altogether. And the advice of Long Run Association, just quoted, seems to imply that it is within the province of one church to ordain one of its members to the min-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

istry without conferring with other churches. However, if there is on record a case among Baptist churches in America where one church, without conferring with other churches, assumed the responsibility of ordaining a man to the ministry, this writer is not advised of it.

Mr. Powers was in his thirty-sixth year when his ordination was called for by Long Run Church in the year 1859. When the messengers of the churches met, there was no disposition to hurry through with the work of ordination. The members of the local church were expecting an all-day meeting, and accordingly prepared for dinner on the ground. The council was organized by choosing a moderator and a clerk. Rev. E. G. Berry was chosen to preside over the conference, which was composed of fourteen preachers and a goodly number of laymen sent from the churches in the Association. Solomon says that "in a multitude of counselors there is safety"; which means that the collective wisdom of any number of men coming together is greater than that of any one of them. Certainly in this case the conditions of safety had not been disregarded. Dr. S. H. Ford, then nearing the zenith of his career as a brilliant writer and a popular pulpit orator, was the pastor of the church. Deacon John D. Johnson, the

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

father of Col. E. Polk Johnson, who is the author of a popular history of Kentucky and a distinguished journalist, presented the candidate for ordination to the council. The usual order in a council of this kind was followed. The candidate was requested to give a brief account of his conversion, to tell of the influences leading up to the conviction that he was called to preach the Gospel; also to state his views of the inspiration of the Bible, the divinity of Christ and the Sovereignty of God in the matter of salvation. The statement of his views on these subjects was regarded as satisfactory. When the candidate was asked if he believed in a limited or a universal atonement, he replied that by the grace of God Jesus Christ tasted death for every man and that so far as the efficacy of his blood was concerned, it was sufficient for the salvation of a thousand worlds like this. However, this is not the same as saying that every man will be saved. Impenitence and unbelief always bar a man from the blessings of salvation. After an adjournment for dinner on the ground, the council re-assembled and declared themselves satisfied with the results of their examination of the candidate and advised the church formally to ordain him to the ministry; and accordingly with prayer and the lay-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

ing on of hands, Mr. Powers was set apart by the church to the work of preaching the Gospel and administering the ordinances according to the views held and proclaimed by the Baptists.

After his ordination, Mr. Powers, for six or eight months, continued to preach for his home church once a month and at other churches and school-houses as opportunity offered. And in other ways he took a deep interest in the prosperity of the church of which he and his family were members; and his zeal, in one particular, manifested itself in a direction that required intelligence, conviction and courage. He had witnessed with pain that the conduct of some of the members of the church was a reproach to Christ and a stumbling block in the way of sinners.

It is not believed by this writer that the standard of Christian character and conduct was higher in Baptist churches, sixty years ago, than it is today, though that view is held by some intelligent brethren. Even so far back as the time of Solomon, men were asking: "What is the cause that the former days were better than these?" And the answer is: "Thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this." Anything like an extensive knowledge of the condition of the churches at that time will discredit

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

such an opinion. If a higher standard of character and conduct was maintained at that time than can be found today in the churches, it is a sharp rebuke to both pastors and churches that the standard has fallen.

However, admitting that a just comparison of the conditions prevailing in the churches at that time with the conditions today is not unfavorable to our churches, yet there are some instances of rare courage and laudable fidelity to be found among our fathers that are worthy of emulation. It would be too much, perhaps, to assume that all those who took the initiatory action in the matter of discipline were always wholly detached in their motives, but in some instances there could be little doubt that the good of the church and the reclamation of the brother under discipline were sought. The writer recalls at least one case in which a father nearly eighty years old moved that the church withdraw her fellowship from his own son on account of unchristian conduct, and no one who knew his own character and elevated standard of conduct could for a moment doubt the purity of his motives.

The detriment of the saloon to church and society sixty years ago was not so universally recognized as it is today. At that time, it was

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

not deemed disreputable for even church members to own and operate a saloon, and to discipline a brother for engaging in such a business, was unheard of when Mr. Powers first began to take an active interest in the affairs of the church. In those days, it was not an infrequent thing for a member of the church to get drunk on whiskey that was obtained from a saloon owned and operated by another member of the church. This was repeatedly the case in Long Run Church. At almost every business meeting, some brother was brought before the church on account of drunkenness. It was further remarked that every one of them got his whiskey from a saloon that was owned and conducted by a member of the church. Meantime, one of the brethren was pondering and praying over this deplorable condition, and the result was that Mr. Powers at one of the Saturday meetings gave notice that at the next regular business meeting he would offer a resolution forbidding members of the church to own or operate a saloon. So far as known, this was the first formal movement among Baptist churches in Kentucky to recognize and put the stamp of condemnation on the iniquity of the saloon business. The mover of the resolution was well aware that he was entering on new

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

ground and that there was no precedent for the step he was taking. Many of his best friends, both in the church and on the outside, expressed deep regrets that he had moved in this direction and they warned him that if he persisted, the whole affair would end in his undoing. However, he persisted in his purpose notwithstanding their remonstrances. He had turned the question over in his mind again and again, and he was fully convinced that the step he was taking was a righteous one and would result in good, both for the present and the future of the church. Bear in mind that only recently the mover of the resolution had been ordained and that he had not yet been called to the care of any church and he himself was not assured of success in the ministry; but the conviction was strong in him that he should do the thing that was right, whatever be the consequences. And when his friends urged that the attempt to carry the resolution through would fail and kill his influence in the church and community, his courageous reply to this line of argument was that he was willing to die in a good cause. Such an unheard-of proceeding in the matter of church discipline attracted no little attention and was the subject of conversation in all circles of society for the next thirty days. The

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

church at that time had on its roll of members two hundred names, and when the day to consider the resolution arrived, they were nearly all present and in addition to the members of the church, there was a large contingent of people present who were not members of any church. The saloon man, with his minions, was on hand, fully equipped for the fray and confident of victory. Then, as now, the weapons of the adherents of the saloon business were detraction and misrepresentation and their armory was full of them. Many of Mr. Powers' friends feared a personal assault on him, so violent was the abuse heaped on him and so menacing was the bearing of the saloon man and his followers toward him. And no marvel that such rancor was exhibited sixty years ago; such inveterate bitterness is still in evidence in this noon-day of enlightenment, when the searchlight of science has demonstrated beyond a peradventure the destructive power of alcohol on the human system, and when, moreover, the history of the saloon, in every grade of society, in all communities shows that it is an agency that debauches both the souls and the bodies of men, robs wives of their husbands and children of their fathers, wastes estates and lowers the standard of civic righteousness everywhere.

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

However, there are not wanting apologists today in high places for this hydra-headed monster in the modern commonwealth. And, strange to tell, these apologies come from public journals that heap the most violent epithets on all those who are actively engaged in trying to eliminate the saloon from modern society, and without the patronage of those whom they so violently abuse, these same journals would have to go into liquidation within twelve months. However, the violent abuse and threatening attitude of the saloon-keeper did not provoke a corresponding bearing on the part of Mr. Powers. Indeed, he seemed to ignore the probability of physical violence toward himself, and so when the day arrived for the discussion of the resolution and when the issue was squarely before the church, Mr. Powers, without heat and in a straightforward manner, presented his arguments in favor of the resolution and all the while he maintained a pleasant bearing toward his opponents. From his point of view, he could very well afford to assume this attitude because his purpose was not to injure men, but to show the inherent iniquity of the saloon and put it out of business. When the vote was taken and the result was announced, it was found that the resolution was sustained by an overwhelming major-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

ity—only eight votes were cast against it. The saloon keeper and his friends were furious when the result of the vote was announced, and they openly charged that Mr. Powers had taken an unfair advantage of him and mustered the women and children in the church to vote against him while his friends were not advised of the situation and did not come to the meeting. In view of so great a majority for the resolution, Mr. Powers, with a good face, could have let the matter rest where it was, but when he was charged with unfair dealing, he determined to remove all grounds of complaint on that score, and so he gave notice immediately that he would move a reconsideration of the resolution at the next meeting, and he suggested to the saloon keeper that he would have time to see his friends and have them come to the next meeting. Thus another thirty days were given to the agitation of the question in the community and when the time came for the resolution to come up again, there was no falling off in the members present. And after the question was opened again and discussed pro and con till everybody was satisfied, the vote was taken and the former minority of eight votes was reduced to two.

An observation or two seems to be called for.

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

It is this: Whoever introduces new methods in church or state, however justifiable are their merits, he must not be surprised if they are opposed by the combined forces of ignorance, of pride and self-interest. Whoever suggests improvement, whoever shows the faultiness and falseness of what has been long in vogue, must be prepared to pay the price of misunderstanding, opposition, calumny and ill-usage. But while there was no violence on the part of the saloonkeeper and his friends towards Mr. Powers yet he was a man marked and the object of the most rancorous hatred of which the human heart is capable: and not infrequently when thus traduced, even a just man becomes embittered towards his persecutors and returns railing for railing in good measure. But not so did Mr. Powers demean himself in this embarrassing situation. Conscious of his own integrity of purpose and of harboring no ill-will toward the man from whom the church had withdrawn the hand of fellowship and remembering the treatment that was meted out to Him whose reward for seeking to bless men was that He was arrested as a common felon and put to death as a malefactor, Mr. Powers maintained a dignified bearing and kept in good humor, and whenever opportunity offered, he would bow courteously

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

to the man, and if occasion justified, he would greet the man pleasantly, but the estranged brother never reciprocated his courtesies or returned his greetings. Thus things went on for several months, when, on one occasion, Mr. Powers was in the village where the man lived he was told that the man's son was very sick and thought to be very near death. So without hesitation and notwithstanding the estrangement of the father, he determined to visit the son, and when admitted to the sick-room, he found the father keeping watch at the bedside of his son whose pale cheeks and glassy eyes showed that death would soon claim his victim. The stubbornness of the father would not allow him to speak to his visitor, although the two men were in the presence of the son whose feet were even then slipping over the brink of the river of death. However, the son recognized him and the crisis in which he found himself, not permitting him to cherish any illusions, said, "Father, here is Brother Powers, and I would rather see him than anybody in the world. He has always been our best friend, and if we had listened to him, I would not be in the condition I am now in." The father said nothing, nor did he in any way indicate his approval of what the son had said. Mr. Powers talked awhile with the young

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

man and prayed for him, and in taking his leave, he said that if at any time his presence should be desired, they would only have to let him know and he would come immediately. That night, he visited the young man again, not knowing whether there had been any change in the feeling of the father toward him or not, but when he entered the room, his erstwhile enemy met him and said: "Brother Powers, you have killed me; I have talked hard about you and yet I never heard of you saying a harmful word about me. Can you forgive me?" Mr. Powers hastened to say that he had never cherished any ill-will toward him, had always been his friend and he was more than willing to let by-gones be by-gones. The son died that night, and at the interment of the young man, Mr. Powers preached the funeral sermon and ever afterwards, the father was a loyal friend of the preacher whose good name and character he had so sedulously traduced; and when the father himself died, Mr. Powers, by special request, conducted the obsequies of the man who had once been his violent enemy.

VIII.

HE BECOMES A MISSIONARY.

Mr. Powers' successful fight against the saloon in Long Run Church attracted extended notice and called forth favorable comment, and so he was recognized as a man who could bring things to pass. At the time when these things occurred, nearly all the churches in Shelby County were members of Long Run Association, and the Mission Board of the Association was located in Shelbyville, and so very soon after the events recorded in the preceding chapter, the Board, without consulting Mr. Powers, appointed him missionary to work within the bounds of the Association, and he was accordingly notified of his appointment. This was a great surprise to him, as it had not been a year since he was ordained, and moreover, he had no overweening confidence in his ability to accomplish very much, and he by no means considered himself equipped by education or experience for so responsible a post. So with a becoming distrust of his own abilities, he wrote the Board, thanking them for the confidence in him they had shown by the appointment, but

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

declined to accept the responsibilities of the work, and he suggested to the Board that the field required a stronger man and one better equipped than himself. But the Board stood by their appointment, and so wrote him that a man who had the courage to take the stand against the saloon that he had taken in Long Run Church and also had the ability to carry on the fight to a successful ending, could succeed anywhere. The result was that Mr. Powers deferred to the judgment of his brethren and accepted the appointment, though he did so with fear and trembling and many misgivings as to his qualifications to meet the demands of the situation. In the instructions accompanying his appointment, he was allowed large discretion as to whether he should go to the weaker churches already established and build them up, or confine his labors to the territory in which hitherto no churches had been organized. He chose the latter alternative and accordingly went into the territory where there was the greater destitution.

Mr. Powers' first move as a missionary in Long Run Association was in Jefferson County, and in that part of Bullitt just south of Louisville. If the intersection of Seventh and Broadway streets in the city be taken as a starting

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

point and a straight line run twenty-one miles, to the junction of Salt River and Rolling Fork, thence to Shepherdsville and then follow the Louisville & Nashville Railway to Louisville, the line traced will enclose the territory in which he began his work as missionary for Long Run Association. In that section of the two counties, there were only a few isolated Baptists, but not a regularly organized Baptist church, and up to this time there had been little or no effort on the part of Baptists to preach the Gospel in this region. But the saloon was in evidence almost everywhere. When he was ninety years old, Mr. Powers told the author that he had a vivid remembrance of counting twenty-one saloons on the road between Louisville and Pitt's Point at the junction of the two rivers named above—one for every mile of the distance.

This section of the State was then, as now, a beautiful country, with fertile soil responding generously to cultivation, and there were also long stretches of woodland where the primeval forest had not been touched by the woodman's ax; but since that time the forests have nearly all been felled, and where the trees once stood in their original beauty and luxuriance of growth, are now found attractive homesteads,

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

wheat fields, corn fields and truck-gardens, the products of which find a ready and remunerative market in the city of Louisville. Within this region now there are several Baptist churches.

About ten miles south of Louisville, in May or June, 1860, he made his first stop and began his work as an evangelist. It was an inspiration to hear him more than fifty years afterwards, when he was ninety years old, tell how the Lord had anticipated him in this work and prepared the way. Here, he called upon a Dr. S. A. Foss, who was not himself a professing Christian, but he had discernment enough to recognize the purifying and elevating influence of the Christian religion, and he heartily welcomed the missionary to his home and became a great support to him in his work. Moreover, the Doctor's wife and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Bell, were devout Christians and members of the Baptist Church in the community from which they had removed and since they had been living in this neighborhood, they had been deprived of attending a church of their own choice and much of the time heard no preaching at all. During all these years, they had been praying that God would send them a preacher, and when Mr. Powers introduced himself and told them



MARY HERSMAN POWERS, WIFE OF REV. W. E. POWERS

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

the purpose of his coming among them, their faces became luminous with joy, and recognizing the hand of God in the coming of the missionary, they said: "Our prayers have been answered." Here was a good place to make a beginning in the cultivation of this untilled field and he first endeavored to find out how many Baptists there were in the community, and this led him to make a diligent canvass from house to house, and, all told, he found eleven Baptists for a possible nucleus in the organization of a church. But there was no meeting house in which to gather a congregation, and the school-house, though small and affording meager accommodations for comfort, either in winter or summer, was the only place that seemed to invite an entrance. However, the missionary often preached in these school-houses, where they were crowded to the door, and if they had services at night, as was sometimes the case, the best light that could be furnished would come from a flickering tallow-dip; or at best they had only candles made of spermaceti—popularly known as star candles. Often he would preach in private houses where a few neighbors would come together to hear the Gospel, and not infrequently during the summer months he would preach to a congregation assembled under the

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

trees where split-logs furnished the only accommodation for seats.

The arrangements for the first sermon in the neighborhood were made in thiswise. The missionary called on a Mrs. Kennedy, whose husband was a rich farmer and though a devoted husband and a courteous gentleman, he was not a member of any church. He asked Mr. Powers if he would preach for his wife that night. Certainly! He would be glad to do so, but didn't see how they could collect a congregation. The farmer said that he would see to that, and he called up a number of little negroes and sent them in every direction to notify the neighbors that there would be preaching at his house that night. The time was short, but quite a number of those living in the surrounding community came together for the services. Doubtless, many of those present came out of sheer curiosity, for Baptist preachers were not often seen and heard in that region, but whatever the motive that prompted them, their presence gave the missionary an opportunity to tell them his story. Mrs. Kennedy became one of the strong and steadfast supports of the missionary and his work in that community. More than fifty years afterwards, Mr. Powers, in taking a backward look over the way he had been led, told the

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

author that his firm conviction was that the Lord had anticipated him and placed these noble men and women in that community as a nucleus to give the work a start. Having no church, no Sunday School, or society of any kind as a rallying point, the only hope of doing effective work was for the missionary to mount his horse and go from house to house and preach the Gospel in the homes, in school-houses, under the trees and wherever opportunity offered.

Within a few days after this service in the Kennedy home, in going from house to house, Mr. Powers called on a family, the husband of which was not at home, and in which there was not one member that claimed to be a Christian. He was courteously received by the good woman of the house, but when he told her his mission in the neighborhood and the purpose of his coming to their house, she remarked that her husband did not like preachers and in an apologetic manner, she further remarked that she thought it best to tell him beforehand. That was a perfectly proper thing to do, said Mr. Powers, and in leaving, he remarked that he would call again within a few days. Her husband had been a steamboat captain, who had abandoned the river and recently bought a farm and moved to it. So, accordingly, not many days

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

elapsed before the missionary returned and was told that the Captain was at work on the farm not very far off and his wife proposed to ring the bell for him to come to the house. But that was unnecessary, he said, as he could just as easily go where the Captain was at work as her husband could come to the house. He found the farmer busy, with a number of hands, cleaning up ground, preparing to put in a crop. The Captain received the preacher with marked courtesy, and his whole bearing showed him to be a gentleman, and he discontinued his work and suggested that they return to the house. That was not necessary, however, as the call would be a short one, and Mr. Powers said he would stay there and work a while, and as they worked, they could talk. He remained an hour, more or less, occasionally making a suggestion as to the best way of doing certain work. These suggestions were kindly received by the Captain, as hitherto he had had no experience on the farm and the work was new to him. When the interview came to an end and the missionary said he must be going, the Captain said without circumlocution that he liked him and wished that he might come again. Having been a successful business man and still having the bartering instinct in him, Mr. Powers saw

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

his opportunity and proposed that the Captain should visit him in turn. To this proposition the Captain would gladly assent, but he did not know where the preacher lived, nor how far he would have to travel to reach his home. To this, Mr. Powers replied that he did not mean a visit at his residence as that was thirty miles distant, but that he would preach at the neighborhood school-house on Sunday morning and he would be glad to have the Captain present. There was ready assent given to this proposition by the Captain on the condition that the preacher would come home with him to dinner on Sunday. The first man the missionary met at the school-house on Sunday morning was the Captain, and after preaching, he went home with him. Within three or four years from that time, the Captain and all his family were converted, and Mr. Powers had the privilege of baptizing them. Mr. Powers, first and last, had large and glorious experience in revival work and witnessed the conversion of many souls, but in none of them was there manifest evidence of a more thorough and genuine conversion than that of George Everhart, the former steamboat captain, the details of which we shall learn more about further on.

Mr. Powers spent the greater part of May

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

and June on this field where he first began his work, preaching in private houses, in school houses, under the trees, and whenever he could get a few of the people together. He made arrangements to hold a meeting of days, in July, near where Beechland Church now stands. Being the missionary of Long Run Association, and working in a field not far from Louisville, the pastors in the city had assured him of assistance *when* the time came to hold a protracted meeting. But when they were called on to help him and comply with their promise, with one consent they began to make excuses. The missionary was sorely troubled, but all the conditions seemed to indicate that the meeting should not be deferred. So he took his troubles to the Lord and asked Him to send help or qualify his servant for the work.

Saturday, July 22, 1860, was the time appointed for the morning to begin, and that morning when Mr. Powers started to the place agreed upon to hold it he had received no assurance of ministerial help. But on he went believing that the Lord, in His own way, would provide, either by sending an evangelist, or by qualifying the missionary for the work. Arriving at the place of preaching he was introduced to Elder John H. Spencer, not so well known to

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

the Baptist Brotherhood in Kentucky at that time as he was afterwards. At that time Mr. Powers had never seen Mr. Spencer, nor in fact had he ever heard of him. And while it did not occur to the missionary at the first that the Lord had sent Mr. Spencer in answer to his prayer, yet by his facility of expression and the skill with which he handled the Scriptures, the missionary was soon convinced that the visiting brother was the Lord's man, and had been sent there by divine guidance to preach in that meeting. The meeting was continued for two weeks and the results of it only strengthened the opinion already formed, and, looking back to this time from a distance of more than fifty years, Mr. Powers could see no reason for changing or modifying the opinion first formed.

But the Lord uses human agencies, and He lays hold on men in every station of life and all grades of character to accomplish his purposes; and frequently those whom God chooses to accomplish His will, serve Him without knowing it. This was certainly true in the Lord's choice of Cyrus to effect the deliverance of the Jews from Babylonian bondage, and prepare the way for them to rebuild Jerusalem. But we should not confound the high destiny of this heathen monarch with his personal character.

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

Even when God, by the mouth of Isaiah, says of Cyrus, "He is my shepherd to perform all my pleasure." "My anointed one whose right-hand I have holden to subdue nations before him," he adds, "I have surnamed thee though thou hast not known me." The raising up of Cyrus and the sending of him to Babylon was in answer to the prayers of the Jews for deliverance and restoration to their fatherland. And none the less does the Lord use his own people to set forward the work of evangelization. While He was preparing the heart of the Centurion at Cesarea to receive the gospel message, He was also preparing Simon Peter, at Joppa, to go and deliver it. The small group of Christian people in the community where Mr. Powers was at work were specially exercised about the contemplated meeting, and were praying that the Lord would send help. Not a great while before the time of which the author writes a young lady in this neighborhood had visited a family in Cloverport, Ky., where Mr. Spencer was pastor of the Baptist church. The people in whose home she was a transient guest were attendants on the services at the Baptist church, and it was in the nature of things that she should meet the pastor of the church, who has something over thirty years old and still unmarried.

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

During her visit in Cloverport this young lady and the Baptist pastor frequently met in the social circles, and he called on her at different times in the home where she was stopping. When the time arrived for her to return to her home in Jefferson County, there was manifestly a growing fondness of the bachelor pastor and the fair visitor for each other's society. So at their parting he expressed a wish that at some time he might be able to visit her neighborhood and get acquainted with the Baptists in that region. This is the version which the young lady puts on what was said when they parted at Cloverport. The story which the bachelor preacher tells of the occasion is slightly different, though not contradictory. It may be assumed, however, that she was nothing loath to have him come to the neighborhood where she lived whatever the pretext that prompted his coming. So she wrote Mr. Spencer, reminding him that on one occasion he had expressed a wish that at some time he might be able to visit Jefferson County and get acquainted with the Baptists in the neighborhood where she lived. She told him about the missionary who was at work there, and advised him of the time when the meeting would begin, and gave him an urgent invitation to come.

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

The meeting resulted in the conversion of sixteen souls, one of which was the young lady mentioned above. A further result of the meeting was the organization of the Beechland Baptist Church. Eleven of the Baptists living in that neighborhood, remote from church privileges, went into the organization. After the organization of the church was effected, they received into its fellowship, on profession of faith in Christ and by baptism, the sixteen recent converts. This was the first Baptist church organized in that part of Jefferson County; it was also the first visible fruits of Mr. Powers' ministry, and in his old age he would speak of the church as his first love. It was always the subject of his prayers and his affection for it and his solicitude for its well-being were like that of a father concerning a well-beloved son.

IX.

DAN CUPID TAKES A HAND.

About the year 1887, Dr. W. H. Whitsitt wrote to Dr. J. H. Spencer, suggesting that the latter put on record some of the salient events of his life and work. Dr. Spencer acted on the suggestion and immediately began to write the story of his own life. The record extends from the time of his birth, in the year 1826, to the year 1875. So we have an incomplete history—nothing recorded of the last twenty years of his life.

Through the courtesy of Mrs. Berrilla B. Spencer, who survived her distinguished husband till November, 1915, the author of this biography was permitted to read the manuscript of Dr. Spencer's life. This is a privilege he greatly appreciates, and he is glad of another opportunity to put on record an expression of his thanks for the courtesy accorded him.

Without going into details as to the value of this manuscript, the writer would like to record his pleasure in knowing that it is now in safe-keeping, and can be seen by any one who wishes to consult it. The writer of this biography has found in it some very important data

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

which he could not find anywhere else, and his indebtedness to the manuscript will appear as the story progresses. A somewhat detailed account of the circumstances that led to the first meeting between Mr. Powers and Mr. Spencer has already been given. The data of that record were furnished by Mr. Powers. In the manuscript is found Dr. Spencer's version of their first meeting. It will be noted that the two records, the one given by Mr. Powers and the one given by Dr. Spencer, are somewhat different, but in nowise contradictory. For the month of July, 1860, Dr. Spencer records an account of his activities as follows:

“About this time a little circumstance occurred which led to a change of my field of labor and had an important bearing on my subsequent life. During the preceding summer, Miss Alice Everhart, daughter of Captain G. W. Everhart, of Jefferson County, Ky., visited her friend, Miss Mary Lightfoot, at Cloverport. While remaining there several weeks, she attended my preaching appointments. I also formed her acquaintance, met her several times in the social circle, and had frequent talks with her on the subject of religion; she being then unconverted. Just before I returned from Illinois, in writing to her friend, Miss Light-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

foot, she stated that Mr. Powers expected to hold a protracted meeting in her father's neighborhood in July, and expressed a wish that I could be there to assist him. Miss Lightfoot mentioned the fact to me, and, as I had some inclination to visit Miss Everhart at her father's home, I resolved to go to the aid of Bro. Powers, of whom I had never heard before. I went on a boat which carried me some three miles above Captain Everhart's landing—at which I had directed the clerk to have me landed—and put me off about XI o'clock at night. I tried to get shelter at a house near where the boat put me ashore, but I could not obtain admittance. I then walked about three miles, with a carpet-bag, the only baggage I carried with me, in my hand. When I came to a house answering to a description I had gotten of Captain Everhart's residence, I again applied for shelter about midnight. I suppose I presented to the hospitable Captain the appearance of what would now be called, "a regular tramp," and he hesitated about admitting me into his house. However, after catechising me for some time, he invited me in.

Next morning, which was Saturday, July 22, 1860, I met Brother W. E. Powers at the place of his appointment. He invited me to preach,

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

in a manner which gave me the impression that he did not wish me to accept the invitation, so I declined. However, I preached that night and was immediately admitted to Christian fellowship and confidence. Brother Powers had been ordained to the ministry the preceding November, had subsequently been appointed missionary within the bounds of Long Run Association, and was on the third visit to this part of his field. We held our meeting in a small house owned by the Campbellites located on the Salt River Pike, twelve miles southwest from Louisville, and at the houses of the people in the neighborhood. There were a few Baptists living in the neighborhood, and on the 26th of July we constituted a church of about eleven members, to which we gave the name of Beechland. We continued the meeting till the 2nd of August, and fourteen were received by experience and baptism. Among those baptized was my young lady friend, Miss Alice Everhart.

One result of Mr. Spencer's visit to his friend, Miss Everhart, and his acquaintance with Mr. Powers, was that he became missionary in Nelson Association, and his efforts were directed mostly to the building up of churches already organized. He began his work in the latter part of the year 1860. However, in the

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

following March, he was again engaged with Brother Powers in a meeting at Beechland. Doubtless, Mr. Spencer was nothing loath to return to this neighborhood from which his feet had wandered, but not his heart. The progress of this love-story is best told in the chaste, subdued language of the hero himself, who thus sets it forth in the following narrative:

“At the close of the meeting at Beechland, I gave attention to another matter which I had been seriously considering for some months. I was now in the thirty-fifth year of my age, had been actively engaged in preaching more than four years, and had come to the conclusion that I was sufficiently established in my calling to justify me in marrying. Accordingly, I went to see Miss Alice Everhart, laid my purposes and plans before her and asked her to participate with me in my life-work. She agreed to consider the matter, and I immediately mounted my borrowed horse and returned to my mission field.”

The excitement incident to the impending war between the States made Mr. Spencer's work as missionary in Nelson Association comparatively unfruitful, but his suit for the hand of Miss Everhart had been crowned with success, and the time for the consummation of the mar-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

riage bonds was set for September 15, 1861. Immediately preceding this happy event, he attended Sulphur Fork Association at Hillsboro in Henry County, and his departure from the Association is thus set down by the bridegroom elect:

“On Wednesday I was compelled to leave in order to meet Captain Everhart at the clerk’s office in Louisville for the purpose of securing my marriage license on Thursday. The Captain was a steamboat man and thought it unfortunate to transact important business on Friday. On Saturday, I went to Knob Creek in Bullitt County and preached to the little church I had aided in constituting the year before. That night, I stayed at old Mr. Wm. Kennedy’s, near Beechland church. Next morning, I rose early, rode three miles to Captain Everhart’s and was married to Miss Alice Everhart by Rev. W. E. Powers before breakfast. This was on Sunday morning, September 15, 1861. When we arose from the breakfast table, I walked with my bride into the parlor, and without sitting down, said to her ‘Now, my darling, you are all of this world to me; but my duty to the cause of Christ is all of the next world.’ I then printed my first kiss on her lips, bade her adieu and hurried away to my appointment.”

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

In October, 1862, Mr. Spencer became pastor of the Baptist church in Henderson, Ky., but owing to the division of sentiment, both in the church and outside it, concerning the war then going on between the States, his work was seemingly a failure. During his pastorate at Henderson, he had done very little evangelistic work, but in September, 1863, we find him again assisting Mr. Powers in a meeting at Beechland. Concerning this meeting and the remarkable conversion of his father-in-law, Captain Everhart, whom we first met a few pages back, Dr. Spencer makes the following record:

“In September, my wife and I went up to Jefferson County to attend a meeting at Beechland. We had both gotten the impression that if her father passed through that meeting without being converted, he would probably never be converted at all. He had been a steamboat man from his youth, and was a profane swearer and a skeptic. With the hope of leading him to Christ, I had studied his character and habit of thought as minutely as I could. The meeting had been in progress several days when we reached Beechland. Captain Everhart was attending with his family and entertaining the preachers with cheerful politeness. I knew he was a man of great candor and honesty, and that

if I could present an argument in favor of the divinity of Christ, that he could not refute, he would accept it. I preached three nights in succession from Isaiah's prophecies concerning the Messiah. I was greatly interested. My wife was wrestling with God in prayer. I think the Lord helped me. The Captain got the idea that I was preaching especially for his benefit, and, therefore, he gave the more earnest heed to the message. The Lord opened his heart, and he was overwhelmed with the conviction of sin. About twelve o'clock of the night on which I had preached the third sermon, he sent for me to come to his bed-room. I found him shrieking in the most fearful agony of remorse. After calming him as well as I could, I sat down by him and presented the plan of salvation as clearly as I could. When I had finished, he said: 'I have understood that from your preaching, but I cannot feel it.' We then knelt down and besought the Lord to enable him to believe. Next morning, we found him rejoicing in the love of God, and when we met together at the sanctuary, he united with the children of the King. It was a day of great rejoicing, not only with his family, but also with the whole church.'"

Dr. Spencer was an outstanding figure

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

among Kentucky Baptists for nearly forty years. He was specifically an evangelist, from the beginning of his ministry till within a short time of his death in December, 1897. In fact, he was never pastor of but two churches, Cloverport and Henderson, neither pastorate lasted as long as three years. His methods of evangelizing were so sane and so permeated with Bible teaching, and his recognition of the sovereignty of God in the matter of salvation was so prominent a feature in all his preaching, that it is a matter of gratitude that he has left on record, in singularly felicitous language, an account of his own conversion. The intrinsic worth of the record, coupled with the fact that Dr. Spencer was intimately associated with Mr. Powers in many revival meetings for more than thirty years, justifies an insertion of the record in this biography.

In his autobiography, Dr. Spencer relates that from childhood he was of a serious turn of mind and that the subject of religion was often a matter of thoughtful consideration. His parents, too, were religiously inclined and exemplary in their conduct, yet there was no direct effort on their part to bring about his salvation, nor was there any effort on the part of the preachers that he knew to bring about the sal-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

vation of children or even of youths. And while he was expecting and hoping to be a Christian at some time, yet he was in his twenty-third year when he was converted. The crisis in his religious experience occurred during a protracted meeting which he attended in January, 1849. From the very first, he attended the meeting with serious intention, hoping that he would be converted. After giving an account of the meeting for several days, the record of his experience runs thus:

“I do not know how many days and nights I continued to occupy the seat of prayer—perhaps about a week. An attempt to analyze my thoughts and feelings during that period would prove a failure. I was deeply humbled in my feelings. I had thought I understood the plan of salvation as well as the preachers I was accustomed to hear. But I felt now that I was utterly ignorant about it. My prominent feeling was an intense desire to be converted. I do not think I was terrified by the fear of going to hell, or greatly prompted by a desire to go to heaven. I did not think about joining the church. I wanted to be a Christian, to know that I had been born again, as I had never desired any thing before. This was the one thing I looked for, hoped for and prayed for incessantly. I

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

entertained the impression that if I should be born again, I should know that fact with undoubted certainty. At one time, I entertained the thought if I should be converted, I would keep it a secret; for I had not yet recognized the obligation of Christians to unite with the church, but supposed that to be a mere privilege of such of them as desired to do so, and I had no thought I should ever be qualified to discharge the solemn duties and responsibilities of a church member.

“As the days passed on, my perplexity of mind and distress constantly increased. When I first went forward for prayer, I had no thought but that I would be converted during the meeting. Now I began to fear greatly that I should not. I was overwhelmed with distress and almost in utter despair. It was near the close of the services on Friday night, and the meeting was to close on Sunday morning, when a new question came into my mind, ‘What shall I do if the meeting closes and leaves me unconverted? Shall I continue to seek? or shall I go back to my former course of life?’ I hesitated but a moment and then mentally answered: ‘I will seek salvation till the last moment of my life or attain it.’ I had, I thought, confessed my sins and prayed and sought the prayers of

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

Christians; I had tried to repent and sorrowed that I could not repent more deeply. I felt that I had done nothing rightly and that I could do nothing more. Despairing of doing anything meritoriously, I yielded myself wholly to God's mercy. All the powers of my mind seemed to be suspended and, for a time, I was unconscious of thought or feeling. Whether this continued for a moment, or for several minutes, I have never known. I only know that it was a complete surrender of my whole mental and moral being as unto death.

"When consciousness returned, all the mental confusion and every feeling of anxiety and distress of soul that I had endured for many days and nights were gone. A calm, restful peace filled my bosom and for a moment I felt no want, no desire. The congregation were singing the old hymn, beginning 'Come, thou fount of every blessing' to the tune Olney. The feeling of peace that filled my soul kindled into active joy. I felt a strong inclination to join in the singing, but restrained myself. The log meeting house was lighted with a half-dozen sputtering tallow candles. Yet when I looked up, the mil-dewed walls seemed to glow with a soft effulgence, such as I had never seen. Everything in the house, the people, the rude seats

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

and the unpainted pulpit seemed resplendent with a joyous radiance. As I walked to the door after dismissal, I felt a strange lightness as if I barely touched the floor. Hitherto, I had had a strong tendency to rationalism. I inquired into the reason of all phenomena that came under my observation. I was not willing to believe anything I could not give a satisfactory reason for. But now I was thrilled with a series of strange, joyous experiences for which I could give no reason whatever. Nor have I ever been able to give any rational explanation of the phenomena until this day. It had not entered into my mind that there was anything supernatural in it. I had been hoping, praying and expecting to be converted in soul by the Holy Spirit, and had expected unmistakable evidences of such conversion. But so different were my present feelings and the accompanying appearances from the expected evidences, that they did not even suggest to my mind that I had been 'born of the Spirit.' I believe I yielded to the quiet, heavenly rapture of soul, for the time, without making effort to think. But during the forty years that have intervened between that happy hour and the present, I have given the subject the most earnest and patient investigation of which I have been capable, and have

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

been able to arrive at no satisfactory conclusion except that it was the Spirit of God working in me that mysterious change which all men must undergo before they can 'see the kingdom of heaven.'

"When I walked out under the broad, open heavens, that cold January night, the world seemed to have been transformed since I had entered the little, rude meeting house some two hours before. The sky appeared to have approached nearer the earth, and the stars seemed to have increased their brilliancy many-fold. The great leafless trees had relaxed the sternness of their mien as if they were softened into sympathy with my glad heart and all the great, wide forest had dispensed with its sullen gloom and seemed to smile with the gentle radiance of love. I chose to ride alone that night, and silently enjoy the new and strange gladness that filled my soul utterly full. I cannot remember that my thought took definite form in my mind till I had ridden through the unbroken forest about three miles. Then suddenly and for the first time, came to me the question, 'Can this be religion?' I cannot say that I have ever settled that momentous query to my entire satisfaction to this hour. But at that moment, it filled me with a joyous hope which has never forsaken

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

me. The question had scarcely taken definite shape in my mind when I involuntarily exclaimed: 'I will praise God as long as I live'."

X.

PASTOR-EVANGELIST.

When the war-cloud burst on the country in the spring of 1861, missionary operations were interrupted in Long Run Association, but Mr. Powers continued to preach once a month to each of the two churches, Beechland and Knob Creek, both of which were the early sheaves of his ministry. Some time in the year 1861, he resigned the care of Knob Creek and took charge of Mt. Washington in Bullitt County. At this time, he was also pastor of Jeffersontown Church and stated supply for Long Run. At the end of the year 1867, he resigned the care of Mt. Washington and Jeffersontown Churches to give an additional Sunday to Beechland and take charge of Sligo Church in Henry County. The pastorate at Beechland was continued to the end of the twenty-second year when he resigned to accept the pastorate of King's Church. During these twenty-two years, the pastor had ridden thirty miles, each way, in going and coming, in heat or cold, rain or shine, part of the time twice in the month, to serve the church. The prosperity of the church, increase in membership and growth in wealth seemed to justify

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

all-time service, and so living at a great distance from the church and not willing to give up Long Run, of which he had been pastor since 1862, Mr. Powers tendered his resignation, and the church called one of the students from the Seminary in Louisville. But, for some cause or other, the growth of the church was not so marked during the next twenty years as it had been during the first twenty.

It is probable that no two preachers in Kentucky were more often together in evangelistic work than Mr. Powers and Dr. Spencer. They were admirably adapted to each other for the work of winning souls to Christ. Dr. Spencer was pre-eminently logical in his method of preaching and had wonderful ability in overcoming any intellectual difficulties in the way of unbelievers and he rarely failed to convince the judgment of those who would give him a patient hearing. Moreover, he was loyal to the Scriptures and advanced no proposition that could not be sustained by them. He believed that the Bible is the Word of God, that without Christ men are lost, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and that whosoever believes in Him shall be saved. He was, first and last, a doctrinal preacher and he had a way of preaching that compelled men to think, and

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

God honored the word and made the message effective to the conversion of many souls. He believed that the doctrines held and propagated by the Baptists were abundantly sustained by the Scriptures, and any deviation from them called forth a courteous, though decided, protest, whether the departure from truth emanated from a humble country pastor, or one occupying a metropolitan pulpit, or a professor in one of our schools. He was, in very truth, a watchman on the walls of Zion. And very few of our Baptist people know what a prodigious amount of labor Dr. Spencer performed in gathering the material for his history of Kentucky Baptists. From Ashland, he traveled along the line between Virginia and Kentucky through to Tennessee, thence along the line between Kentucky and Tennessee through the mountains, rescuing from oblivion any fragment of church records that would throw light on the history of our denomination. The history of Kentucky Baptists is a monument to his industry and discrimination in sifting the records of our churches.

Mr. Powers was himself a very effective preacher, as his successful career, as pastor and evangelist, abundantly shows, and he was no mean judge of preaching in others, and in con-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

versation with the writer, more than once, he expressed the opinion that Dr. Spencer was one of three or four of the best preachers he ever heard. Soon after the organization of Beechland Church, Mr. Spencer brought his membership to this young fraternity and there it remained as long as Mr. Powers was pastor. Mr. Spencer was married twice in this neighborhood. His first wife was Miss Alice Everhart, daughter of Captain G. W. Everhart, the steamboat man, mention of whom has been made in a previous chapter. His second wife was Miss Burrilla Waller, who survived her distinguished husband till November 25, 1915. Mr. Powers baptized both these noble women and performed the ceremony on each occasion when Mr. Spencer was married.

After the meeting closed at Beechland, in August, 1860, and the church was effectively organized to the end of keeping house for the Lord, Mr. Powers and Mr. Spencer went to Knob Creek in Bullitt County, where the missionary had done an appreciable amount of work in preaching and calling from house to house. The situation there was something like what it was at Beechland—there was no organization. There was, however, a house in which the Baptists owned a half interest. The other

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

half interest was owned by the Methodists, who had a small church and used the house for worship once a month. Mr. Powers regarded this arrangement as a handicap to the Baptists and he thought it was only a little better than having no house, and an experience and observation of more than fifty years in the ministry did not change his mind on the subject. It is a well-known fact that two families can rarely, if ever, live in the same house on equal terms without misunderstandings that frequently result in the estrangement of persons who would otherwise live on terms of amity and friendship. And in this matter of joint occupancy of the same meeting house, churches have not been more successful than families.

Mr. Powers' work in this neighborhood, short though the time was, had already borne fruit. The first conversion under his ministry at Knob Creek was that of a young lady about sixteen years old, whose father was a Baptist. The man's name was Buford Lewis, and by his special request, one Sunday morning, Mr. Powers set forth some of the distinctive doctrinal views of the Baptists. He dwelt at some length on the necessary qualifications for church membership; that only those who give a credible evidence of conversion and are baptized according to the

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

teachings of Christ and the apostles are fit subjects for membership in a New Testament Church. At the close of the sermon, according to the custom of Baptist preachers, he stated that if there were those present who wished to confess their faith in Christ and relate their Christian experience and be baptized, he would baptize them. In response to the invitation, Miss Clara Lewis came forward and related her experience and gave very satisfactory evidence of her conversion. Her father was the only Baptist in the house except the preacher, who asked her father what he should do; and he said, "Baptize her." Accordingly, the missionary baptized her.

Mr. Spencer came the next day and the meeting was continued for two weeks and at the close of the series of meetings, the church was organized, composed of those who were converted and baptized during the meeting and those previously baptized and residing in the community. Mr. Powers preached for Knob Creek Church as long as he labored as missionary for the Association and a year afterwards. His labors were abundantly blessed and yet the pastor always felt that the church was handicapped by the joint occupancy of the house with the Methodists. However desirous a preacher

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

may be to preach a full Gospel on all occasions, he will very often feel embarrassed lest he should give offense to those who have just as much right in the house as he has. While the two churches, Beechland and Knob Creek, were the first visible fruits of Mr. Powers' labors as a missionary, and although he continued to preach to them, yet during this time, his activities extended to other churches with which he held meetings that resulted in many conversions. The visible results of a little more than a year's work were 365 additions to the churches on profession of faith in Christ and by baptism: not a bad showing for a man who had not been ordained two years. Dr. S. H. Ford was pastor of Long Run Church at the beginning of the year 1861, but when the surcharged political atmosphere exploded in the attack on Fort Sumter, he resigned and went South and cast in his lot with the fortunes of the Confederate States. After his departure, Mr. Powers supplied the church until 1862, when he was regularly called to the pastoral care of the church, a position which he held for the next thirty years. Two things seem to be in doubt concerning Long Run Church. No one knows just when it was organized, and there is no reliable record as to who was its first pastor. Ac-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

cording to the best authorities, it was organized in the year 1797, and the most reliable traditions are that John Penny was the first pastor. In the year 1797, it united with Salem Association, of which it remained a member till 1803, when it, with other churches, entered into the organization of Long Run Association. Long Run Church, first and last, has sent out five colonies that went into the organization of other churches. The last colony, sent out by this old fraternity, went into the organization of the Pewee Valley Church, now called Crestwood. This daughter of Long Run is now a vigorous and efficient organization, of which Dr. J. M. Walker was pastor for more than ten years, beginning December, 1905. The present pastor is Dr. H. C. Wayman, who began his work very auspiciously, September 1, 1916.

When Mr. Powers began to preach at Long Run, it numbered 213 members, a large contingent of which was colored people, and when the war closed, they were granted letters to organize a colored church. However, under the pastoral care of Mr. Powers, the old fraternity prospered again, and before it sent out the colony to organize Pewee Valley Church, it numbered 230 members.

Mr. Powers' longest and most successful pas-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

torates were with Long Run, organized in the year 1797; King's, in 1800; Sligo, in 1812. This latter church at first was called Patton's Creek; in 1840 it took the name of Pleasant Ridge and in the year 1853 it assumed the name of Sligo, from a small village near which it is located. Beechland was his first love and with it he remained more than twenty years and his ministration to that fraternity was abundantly blessed.

But, notwithstanding the fact that during these years he was pastor of churches, separated many miles from each others, yet Mr. Powers found time to do a prodigious amount of strictly pastoral work in the way of calling from house to house, visiting the sick, attending funerals and comforting the bereaved. However, his energies were not all expended on the churches of which he was pastor. He continued to hold meetings with the churches when his services were desired—and his services were often sought by the churches. In his evangelistic work, his efforts were not determined by a monetary consideration. Whenever his services were wanted, he would go to the assistance of a pastor without any stipulated sum. When his work was done, he would take whatever the churches saw fit to give him in the way of financial remuneration.

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

ation, and forthwith enter the next open door where there was work to be done for the Master. This custom largely prevails among our pastors in all sections of the commonwealth; but the author has known some exceptions. In one case at least, and not a great while ago, a brother requested a pastor in the Association in which they were both pastors, to assist him in a meeting. The invitation was accepted, and the inviting brother thought the matter was settled, but before the time arrived when the meeting was to begin, he received a note from the brother who was to assist him, inquiring as to the amount of compensation he was to receive for his services and closed his inquiry by stating that he was no thirty-cent preacher and could not afford to come for less than a guarantee of \$75.

Evangelistic work was a perennial joy to Mr. Powers. It was a delight to have other pastors assist him in meetings with his own churches. And to assist other pastors was as great a joy as to have them with him. This interchange of work was not confined to the stronger churches and more gifted and successful pastors. He would gladly assist a pastor whose ability and work had not made him a conspicuous figure in the denomination. And his bearing toward young ministers was worthy of all praise. Not

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

infrequently he would lay hands on some young preacher who had not yet had an opportunity to do effective work and take him to one of his own churches to assist him in a meeting.

When the General Association met with the Twenty-second and Walnut Street Church, in Louisville, in the year of 1908, Mr. Powers was a guest in the home of Rev. C. K. Hoagland, then a student in the Seminary, and while prosecuting his studies he was preaching to a church in the country. While in this home Mr. Hoagland and his wife studiously tried to anticipate the wants of their venerable guest and in every way provide for him. And it is no marvel to those who know Mr. Powers to learn that when he left that home the hosts were glad to recognize the magnificent personality of the man who had been temporarily stopping with them. A few months after this first acquaintance between Mr. Powers and the Hoaglands, he called to see his hosts as if to make them a friendly visit; but within a short time the real purpose of the call was made known. Mr. Powers was soon to engage in a protracted meeting and he had come to request his former host to assist him. This was a great surprise to Mr. Hoagland and at first he declined to go because of his want of experience

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

and distrust of his ability to meet the demands of the situation. However, when it dawned on him that this venerable servant of God was not seeking a great preacher to do his work for him, but offering an opportunity for a struggling young man to gain a footing in the work to which he had consecrated his life, all the disinclination gave way and he accepted the invitation. The meeting lasted only eight days, and yet there were twenty-three additions to the church and nineteen of them were received on profession of faith in Christ and by baptism. The very fact of his association with Mr. Powers in a meeting and the marked success of the same gave Mr. Hoagland a standing among his brethren that would otherwise have been slower in coming.

A good many years ago a young preacher came from Arkansas to Bethel College to prosecute his studies, and at the end of the session he found himself without money—most young preachers have had the same experience. But in order to earn an honest penny he became a book-agent—a job that is nearly always alluring in the prospect, and, in the majority of cases, disappointing in the retrospect. This young man started out with bright anticipations, but he soon learned that those to whom he offered

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

his wares for a consideration did not place the estimate on knowledge and culture that he had been led to expect. In the course of a few weeks, in his efforts to sell the book, he found himself in the home of Mr. Powers, with thirty of the books still on hand. He was becoming discouraged and hardly knew which way to turn. After stopping over night with Mr. Powers the host incidentally asked him how many books he still had, and what was the price. There were thirty, and the price of each was a dollar. "I'll take them all at the price named," said the genial host. Did he hear right? Yes, that was what he said, and that was what he meant. But, said Mr. Powers, you will go with me to Beechland and preach for me. After the young man preached, Mr. Powers made a statement of the situation and very soon every book was disposed of at the regular price. The name of this young man was W. A. Forbes, who became a very successful preacher.

Rev. J. S. Wilson, now at Mt. Sterling, and one of the successful pastors in the commonwealth, pays this tribute to the force of character and inherent worth of our hero: "A number of years ago, when I was but a boy in the ministry, he came to my home to ask me to assist him in a meeting at Old Sligo Baptist

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

Church, in Henry County. Having flatly refused on account of the lack of experience, I thought the matter was settled, but he did not so view it, and very soon his persuasive speech and assuring tone laid every fear and silenced all opposition, and I found myself yielding to his masterful personality. A great meeting followed, largely due, I felt then and so think now, to the wonderful power of this godly man. He had been pastor of this old fraternity more than twenty-five years, and I found the church in a flourishing condition. The spirituality of the church rose to high tide, and, like a great commander at the head of his army marshalling his forces, he directed the meeting and led us on to the 'Delectable Mountains.' I learned then of his ardent love for God and his unwavering faith in Him, and that he had a consuming passion for the salvation of sinners and an unswerving loyalty to the church which Christ had purchased with his own blood. He loves young men and knows how to bind them to himself with the hoops of steel. We call him 'Old Brother Powers,' but in his breast there beats a heart and rules a spirit as blithesome as a new born day and as fresh as the manna that came from heaven. I have assisted him in many meetings, and the easiest and most fruitful ones

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

were those we held in churches of which he was pastor."

From Mansfield, La., Rev. O. L. Powers sends the following appreciation of Mr. Powers, as he knew him twenty or more years ago when he was a student in Louisville, and at the same time preaching at Harrod's Creek Baptist Church: "I am sure I came into his life when I most needed him, and I trust God has used me to be of some comfort to him. He was once kind enough to say that God had used me in some sense to take the place of his own son whom God had taken from him. While he had opportunity, he was indeed a father to me in the gospel. He seemed as anxious for me to succeed as if I had been his own son. Don't understand me to say that I ever felt that he was an old man. I don't think he ever made that impression on any one. He was ever young in spirit, always looking forward, and the best with him was yet to be. This hopeful spirit gave him great attractiveness and influence with young men. They loved him and liked to be with him and hear him talk. He loved them and rejoiced in the success and blessings which crowned their labors. He was just an elder brother. He was hospitable in his home and delighted to entertain his brethren, and especially those of the

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

ministry. I remember hearing him say that he had known some pastors who were great on preaching hospitality to their people, but practiced it very little in their own homes. He did love to practice hospitality as well as preach it, and especially on his brother pastors. It was at his table and around his fireside he gave them advice and a conception of their high calling that have been an inspiration through all the years.

“He was moderator of the Presbytery that ordained me at Old Harrod’s Creek Church. It was to be a red letter day with the Baptists and the church. They were going to have dinner on the ground, and everybody who knew the women in that church knew it would be fit for a king to eat. When the day came the rain poured down in torrents and the people could not get there. Drs. Robinson and Eager and Brethren W. S. Pickard and J. S. Snider, from the Seminary, and Brothers Powers and Thompson composed the Presbytery. I had never been brought up in Sunday School and had never studied theology and these brethren led me as a lamb to the slaughter that day. They got on the Trinity and one brother asked me which one of the persons in the Trinity preceded. Brother Powers couldn’t stand it any longer, so he said

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

indignantly, 'Answer it yourself, sir!' I have never doubted the love of that old church since that day. If they had not loved me they would have stopped the proceedings and called for my resignation then and there. I think their forbearance was largely due to the influence of Brother Powers. He believed thoroughly in a manly ministry. He could not tolerate an unstable man in the ministry. While he always struck me as a man who magnified his calling, yet in his presence one always thought of the man and not the preacher. Wherever men saw him, whether he was going to or returning from his appointments, or in the pulpit preaching the gospel, or sitting around the hearthstone talking about the Savior of the world, they intuitively knew they were in the presence of one who was every whit a man. He was free from cant and every thing that smacks of professionalism was so foreign to him, and he was so sincere and genuine that men everywhere, whether they agreed with him or not, loved him and treated him with the utmost consideration.

"He was a loyal Baptist and he preached the doctrine, but he did it in such a way that people were not offended at him. Men who disagreed with him most widely, loved him most tenderly; and there are scores of such men in Kentucky

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

now who would consider it a heaven-sent benediction to have him in their homes and talk to them about the Savior whom he loves so ardently and has served so diligently for more than two generations.”

Rev. O. L. Hailey, D.D., president of Wayland Baptist College, Plainview, Texas, under date of November 10, 1915, writes the author as follows:

“Dear Brother White: I am in receipt of your request. . . . It was my honor to be allowed to place the name of Dr. W. E. Powers before the Southern Baptist Convention at Nashville, in 1914, and to see him elected one of its Vice-Presidents. The motion was made in late recognition of his high merits, and uniform and unfailing kindness shown to his younger and struggling brethren. He was the best preacher friend the boys had around Louisville.

“I cannot recall exactly what I said, because it was impromptu, and the outbreaking of a long-time love and high regard for the stalwart servant of God and brother of man. As well as I can recall, I said: ‘I desire to place in nomination for one of the Vice-Presidents of this Convention, a brother who has ever been the steadfast friend of the young preachers; has perhaps done more than any other living man to encour-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

age and help the young preachers who went to the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. He possibly has helped more young men to enter the ministry and remain throughout their hard struggles to prepare themselves for their life work, than any other man now living. I am sure it will give the former students of the Seminary unmixed joy thus to express their esteem and regards for this aged servant of God.'

"I do not know any man who holds a warmer place in my heart than W. E. Powers. His home was my home as it was of all the other boys who would go out and enjoy it. I have had the impulse, unnumbered times, to write him, before he departs to the Father's house, and tell him that he is cherished as one of God's best gifts to me."

Further evidence of Mr. Powers' influence over young men is the fact that twenty-nine young men, converted under his ministry became ministers of the gospel, the majority of whom were baptized with his own hands. And after they entered the ministry, they continued to be the objects of his love and solicitude, and he encouraged and helped them whenever it was possible for him to do so. When many of them had had little or no experience in preaching, he would invite them to help him in revival

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

meetings in one of his own churches and thus inspired by the sympathetic presence and encouraged by the helpful word of the older pastor, they would gain confidence in their first efforts to preach the word.

XI.

TRUE YOKEFELLOWS.

It would not be possible to write a complete biography of Paul the great apostle, to the Gentiles without saying a great deal about Barnabas, Silas, Timothy and other companions in travel and labor. So no apology is offered for incorporating in these annals a short sketch of the life and work of several pastors who touched shoulders with Mr. Powers in evangelistic work and greatly influenced him in his life.

Smith Thomas was one of the pastors who occupied a high place in the affections of Mr. Powers' heart. He may be truly styled one of the great preachers of his generation. His sermons were studiously thought out and methodically arranged so that they gathered force as the subject was developed. And when opportunity was given, he took great pains to find out the character of his audience and thus he was able to adapt his line of thought to the needs of his hearers. Very few preachers could more readily get the attention and grip the minds of an intelligent audience through the whole service than he. He was strikingly original in the method of presenting his thoughts and the ex-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

pression of his ideas. "His manner combined clear, easily understood logic, with much tenderness of feeling and almost irresistible persuasion. In the social circle, he charmed alike the cultivated lady and gentleman, the practical business man and the school girl of fifteen summers. In the pulpit, his eyes were nearly always suffused with tears and in the social circle, his face was lighted up with smiles." It is therefore no marvel that Mr. Thomas, in his preaching, reached the most cultivated classes in society. A large number of the leading men and women in the country were converted under his preaching and brought into the churches. A very interesting anecdote is told of Mr. Thomas while, on one occasion, he was holding a meeting in Missouri. Having said something in one of his sermons that aroused the dissent of a Methodist preacher who lived in the community, the clerical gentleman challenged him to a debate. Mr. Thomas promptly replied, saying: "No, I will not debate with you; for if I were to defeat you, Methodism would suffer, and if you were to defeat me, the cause of truth would suffer."

At the request of his daughter, about ten years before his death, he wrote down an estimate of the number of persons he had baptized



THE HOUSE IN WHICH REV. W. E. POWERS WAS BORN JUNE 24, 1824

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

and received into the churches of which he had been pastor. All told, there were about thirteen hundred souls; and to this number may be added two thousand persons who had been converted under his ministry and baptized by other pastors. And it is probable that he baptized another thousand while engaged in strictly evangelistic work. In a conversation with Dr. J. H. Spencer about ten years before his death, he called over the names of thirty-four ministers of the Gospel who had been converted and brought into the churches under his ministry, and on one occasion he proposed to the president of Georgetown College to compare them with a like number of preachers who had been educated in that institution.

Another one of God's noblemen with whom Mr. Powers was closely associated in Gospel work was Thomas M. Daniel, who was born in Owen County. He was converted in the year 1838, while the dew of youth was on his brow and soon afterwards he made profession of faith in Christ and united with New Liberty Baptist Church in the same county. He was licensed to preach in March, 1840. At first, he did not give promise of much efficiency, but in June, 1844, he was requested to preach one Sunday in each month to the church of which

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

he was a member. Two years later, his ordination was called for and the council that set him apart to the full work of the ministry was composed of Lewis D. Alexander, Elija Threlkeld and Paschal H. Todd, whose life and work are writ large in the history of Concord Association. Soon after his ordination, Mr. Daniel became pastor of the churches at Buffalo Lick and Indian Fork, in Shelby County, and afterwards of Campbellsburg church, in Henry County. During his pastorate of these churches, they all prospered, and many souls were converted and received into their fellowship, and under his ministry they enjoyed a good measure of spiritual life.

During the early years of his ministry, Mr. Daniel was a diligent student of the Bible, and he became proficient in handling the word of God. But having an aptitude for business and being very industrious, he began to accumulate property and according to his own confession, he allowed the world to get too strong a hold on his affections. However, this devotion to business and success in temporal affairs did not reach the point of his neglecting the churches of which he was pastor, nor did it diminish the confidence of his brethren in the integrity of his moral character. No man ever maintained

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

a more stainless character than he, or had a warmer place in the affections of the people, but he gave to temporal affairs too much of the time that should have been devoted to study, and hence he failed to attain to that high degree in his sacred vocation of which he was capable.

Darnell Dowden was another preacher who greatly influenced Mr. Powers, and for whom our hero had an ardent love and a genuine admiration. He was one of those men who are content to do their work in an unobtrusive manner and without any blare of trumpets to keep their names in the limelight. Dr. Dowden's contribution to our denominational life was a very appreciable one, though adequate recognition of his attainments as a preacher and theologian has never been given. He was a man whose intellectual furnishings were of a high order, and who was a writer of no mean ability. In a large measure, he was a theological school to the pastors and churches in Goshen Association, where he was ardently loved for his intrinsic worth of character and for his loyalty to New Testament teachings. No one ever had any doubt as to his views on certain questions that have frequently been up for discussion in our denominational councils and which have often been a disturbing element among us. He was a

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

Landmarker after the Graves and Pendleton type, and he tenaciously held that one could not pass beyond certain boundaries in recognition of the claims of other denominations without danger of disturbing the integrity of church organization. He held tenaciously and outspokenly some views that are sharply antagonized by a very considerable number of pastors whose life-work speaks for itself and whose intellectual furnishings no one can gainsay. Dr. Dowden was, first and last, opposed to exchange of pulpits with other denominations and he refused to engage in union meetings when there was mutual recognition of the churches of other denominations as New Testament churches, and his loyalty to his convictions would not permit him to recognize alien immersion as valid baptism. These views were the result of diligent and extensive reading, much thought and wide observation. When in his old age, Dr. Dowden lost the wife of his young manhood, it looked as if he could not be reconciled to his bereavement. He sent for Brother Powers, who immediately responded to the call of his yoke-fellow and spent two weeks with him, preaching every day, setting forth God's love for his chosen ones and stressing the promises of God, showing that He never fails His people in the crises of life.

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

God blessed the preaching of His word, the clouds lifted and the sunshine of God's presence again cheered the heart of His aged and faithful servant.

Mr. Powers was on intimate and fraternal relations with Rev. Thomas M. Vaughn, the son son of Dr. Wm. Vaughn, the span of whose life reached back into the eighteenth century and who labored in the ministry with the pioneer preachers, Lewis Craig, John Taylor, Wm. Hickman, Ambrose Dudley and Joseph Redding. Dr. Vaughn lived to pass the ninety-first milestone in the pilgrimage of life and was present at the General Association when it met in Louisville in 1876 and, while leaning on the arms of his son, and Rev. Joseph E. Carter, made a short speech that thrilled the hearts of a large congregation of ministers and laymen who were assembled to commemorate the deeds of our Baptist forefathers who bore so conspicuous part in achieving American independence and who stood almost alone in contending for the insertion of the clause in the constitution of the United States guaranteeing religious freedom.

The son did not become so distinguished as his father whose ability as a preacher and theologian made him conspicuous whenever he was called on to speak. But while not brilliant,

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

Thomas Vaughn was a good, model preacher, and he was pastor of some of the best churches in Kentucky. He had a good intellect which was well disciplined and he was well informed in all that pertained to the pastoral vocation. During the trying days of the war between the States, more than fifty years ago, M. Vaughn was pastor of the Baptist church at Simpsonville, then a much more vigorous body than it is now.

In those troublous times, Mr. Powers was invited by the pastor and church to hold a meeting with them. Mr. Vaughn was not, in the commonly accepted sense of the word, a politician but the conditions were peculiar, and while Kentucky never formally withdrew from the union, yet the majority of her citizens were in sympathy with the movement that led the Southern States to set up an independent government. And thus it came about that not to have an opinion on the issues involved in the war was to write oneself down a nonentity. The Simpsonville pastor held very decided views on the political questions of the day and these views did not accord with the views held by a majority of the people to whom he preached. But the pastor had not used the pulpit to preach politics, and in all his bearing toward the

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

church and community he had exercised most praiseworthy discretion, and so notwithstanding the antagonistic views held by pastor and people on current questions, there had been no disturbance of Christian fellowship.

This was the situation when Mr. Powers, an ardent Southern sympathizer, was invited to hold a meeting of days with the church. But the visiting brother soon learned that the church, without intending to do so, had neglected their pastor, and his salary was long overdue. As is usually the custom in beginning a meeting, the first few sermons were preached to the church. The first move in evangelistic effort is to get the church right with God and with one another, and not till then is the way open for effective preaching to the unconverted. With this specific aim before him, Mr. Powers preached not only in the pulpit, but in the homes between the morning and the evening services. One day he went to dine with a brother who owned a large farm, well stocked with hogs, cattle and horses. This brother had in the pen one hundred hogs that were ready for market. He invited Brother Powers to go out and look at them. Hogs were then selling for ten dollars a hundred pounds. The preacher saw his opportunity and so indirectly and some-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

what after the manner of Nathan, the prophet, with David the King, he told of a man whom he knew that was very much embarrassed for want of the ordinary comforts and necessities of life in his home; and now winter was near at hand and the larder was not well stocked and the outlook was not very assuring. Moreover, he was a worthy man and, being a cripple, he could not perform manual labor for a livelihood. The man was their pastor. Without any further urging, the farmer said he would give him one of his fat hogs. The next day, the visiting preacher dined with another member of the church and the parable was repeated with like results. Very soon, enough meat and other edibles were donated to stock the larder of the pastor for a year. They had a profitable and enjoyable meeting, and the visiting brother was handsomely remunerated for his services.

The apostle Paul lays a trembling emphasis on the thought that not many wise men after the flesh, not many noble, not many mighty, are called. And sure it is that in one of the most brilliant periods of the human intellect, Christ chose twelve poor fishermen to bear his message to a lost world. And what is said of the wise, the noble and the mighty, can be said as truly of the rich. Not many from either class

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

are called, but the Lord, now and then, in the exercise of his sovereignty, lays hands on a few from each class. One of these notable exceptions was Dr. Richard Fuller, who, for more than a generation, preached the Gospel in the city of Baltimore and who, so far as American society is concerned, was born to the purple. Distinguished social position, great wealth and superior intellectual furnishings were his by inheritance, but he never let these things stand in the way when he was called to be an ambassador for Christ. Dr. Broadus was wont to speak of Dr. Fuller as the prince of American preachers.

Not so distinguished by birth, nor for superior intellectual furnishings, as was Dr. Fuller, yet Andrew E. Shirley was born of wealthy parents and grew into manhood under the influences of the best social circles in Louisville, and had all the advantages of the best schools of that time. He also touched Mr. Powers' life at many places and on many occasions, and our hero speaks of him as that godly man and consecrated minister, Andrew E. Shirley. His piety was deep, sincere and unpretending. The religion of Jesus Christ was the constant theme of his conversation and all who were in his presence felt that his heart was overflowing with the love of the Redeemer.

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

Mr. Shirley was an only child. His father having died when he was an infant, he was left to the sole care of his mother who gave him a good education. In early life, he joined the Disciples' church of which his mother was a member. "Arriving at the age of manhood, his health was somewhat infirm and he went to Trimble County and spent some time with relations. During this visit, he attended services at a Baptist church with his kinsfolk and became deeply convicted of his depravity of heart and guilt in the sight of God. After seeking the Lord earnestly for some time, he was made to rejoice greatly in a sense of the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost given to him. In applying to Middle Creek Church (Trimble County), for membership, he stood up and related his Christian experience, and closed with a fervent exhortation and invitation for the unconverted to come forward for prayer. Quite a number came, and he knelt down and prayed for them. Thus began the ministry of that devoted servant of Jesus Christ." Soon after his conversion, Mr. Shirley returned to his home in Louisville and became a member of Walnut Street Church, where he was ordained to the ministry, and for several years he did missionary work in the city. He afterwards be-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

came pastor of four churches in Oldham County, one of which was Eighteen Mile Church, which he served for sixteen years, and it is probable that no pastor of that old fraternity was more ardently loved or was more worthy of such love than Andrew E. Shirley.

The foregoing names do not exhaust the roll of pastors and evangelists who were yoke-fellows with Mr. Powers in revival work; the number is sufficient, however, to indicate the ability and worth of the men who had something to do in moulding the character and directing the energies of our hero in the early days of his ministry.

In the foregoing brief pen portraits one can not fail to be impressed with two things. The type of the conviction for sin and of conversion experienced by these men, including the hero of this story, largely conformed to the type of conversion of which we have an account in the New Testament. Another thing which impresses the thoughtful observer is the fact that this type of conviction and conversion is rarely met with in our preaching today.

There was a depth and pungency of conviction in their experience which certainly indicate that to these men, sin was not merely a temporary irregularity of conduct which by

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

force of will could be thrown off as easily as one could lay aside the cares and perplexity of the day and retire at nightfall to his couch for rest. One can see at a glance that they looked on sin as an agency or principle that had corrupted the very fountain-head of life and made it forever impossible for them to effect purity of character, propitiate God and make an atonement for their sins. They were painfully conscious of the fact that whatever they might offer in the way of sacrifice or regularity of conduct would be tainted with the corruption of that hurtful thing of which they yearned to be purged. They had no shallow conception of the ravages that sin had wrought in their own lives and in the lives of those around them. Hence the joy that came into their hearts when once they realized that God had fully diagnosed their case and found a remedy and assured them that there is balm in Gilead for healing and that in the house of David had been opened a fountain for sin and uncleanness.

This type of conviction and conversion is rarely met with now-a-days and one can hardly refrain from asking why it is so seldom heard of. There can be no grounds for doubting that this is the Bible conception of sin and forgiveness. The most superficial reader of Psalms

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

and prophets cannot fail to note that sin was alienation from God and forgiveness was restoration to Divine favor and the fruits thereof are joy and gladness. No one ever felt more deeply and expressed himself more accurately concerning the heinousness of sin than Paul. This conception of sin can not be explained away by saying the Biblical writers expressed themselves in Oriental hyperbole merely to heighten effect. This type of conviction and conversion has been experienced by too many of the great and good men of Christian history to allow of an explanation that regards it as rhetorical exaggeration. This shallow conception of sin can not account for the experience of such men as Augustine, Martin Luther, John Calvin, John Bunyan, Adoniram Judson, Richard Fuller, and a host of others whose names are writ large in the history of the Christian religion. What is the explanation of the difference between the Bible type of conversion which was so often paralleled within the memory of men still living and the conversion and experience witnessed now-a-days? It would perhaps be unsafe to dogmatize on this subject. However, this writer modestly offers a suggestion. In part, early religious teachings in the home and Sunday School may account for the absence of the

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

very striking features of religious experience of former days. Christian parents, faithful teachers and the adaptation of pulpit efforts to the youthful mind doubtless do lead to a gradual consciousness of the burden of sin and a yearning to escape from its bondage. But all children do not have this faithful teaching in the home and Sunday School. I do not think, however, a more general diffusion of Biblical teaching is sufficient to account for the almost universal absence of the former type of conversion. A satisfactory explanation of the difference under consideration may lead to the recognition of the absence of a fundamental factor in modern evangelism.

The author of this sketch is so circumstanced that he hears almost every Sunday one preacher out of each of four different denominations, all claiming to belong to the evangelical school of theology. And yet with rare exceptions does he ever hear a sermon that stresses the Bible doctrine of the turpitude of the human heart. Men whose lives are polluted with every sin forbidden in the Decalogue are appealed to as though all that is necessary for them to do is to resolve to lead a better life and join the church. Nor has it been a great while since he heard a distinguished professor in a

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

well-known theological seminary say that he taught his children that they are already children of God, and that it is now incumbent on them to conduct themselves in a way to accord with this exalted relationship. In a book recently published, the author, Dr. Leonidas Robinson, states but does not prove that "the Abrahamic covenant, which included the children, was adopted by Jesus, and its forms were filled with spiritual significance. They were in the covenant of Abraham; so they are children of God by the grace that was in Christ." The Bible, however, teaches that the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked and that it is as impossible for men to do good who are accustomed to do evil as it is for the Ethiopian to change his skin or the leopard his spots. And any doctrine to the contrary, however distinguished the teacher, proceeds on an assumption that is fundamentally false and misleading. Men are often preached to as though they could regulate their conduct by reason and common sense. Reason and common sense are great helps no doubt; but how are they going to create in men a new heart and renew a right spirit within them? Right here is where much of the present day preaching comes short of the gospel requirement.

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

Reason, experience and observation all teach that man is born with a capacity for higher life than that of his horse, than that which he lives as an animal in this world. "There is in him a capacity for becoming something different, better and higher than that which he actually is by his natural birth. He has a capacity which lies dormant or dead until the Holy Spirit comes and quickens it. There are many things, and great things, man can do without any further Divine assistance than that which is lodged for the whole race in the natural laws which make no distinction between godly and ungodly; there are many and great things which man can do by virtue of his natural birth; but one thing he cannot do—he cannot quicken within himself the power to love God and live for Him. For this there is needed an influence from without, the efficient touch of the Holy Spirit, the impartation of his life. The capacity to become a child of God is man's, but the development of this lies with God. Without this capacity a man is not a man, has not that which is most distinctive of human nature. Every man is born with that in him which the Spirit of God may quicken into Divine life. This is human nature. When this capacity is so quickened, when the man has begun to live as a child of

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

God, he has not lost his human nature, but has above and beyond become a partaker of the Divine nature. When the image of God, as well as that of his earthly pursuits, becomes manifest in a man, then his human nature has received its utmost development—he is born again.”

Some writers account for the sudden collapse of so called Christian civilization in Europe on the ground that the beast in man has not been sufficiently reckoned with. The irony of twelve avowedly Christian nations plunging into such a war as that which is now devastating Europe is a spectacle to make the angels weep. It looks as though Christianity has been thrown to the dogs and the nations have gone mad. At the very moment when the International Peace Congress was in session, at Constance, war was declared by a few autocratic rulers of Europe, and millions of men suddenly became frenzied, and with wild eyes and bestial thirst for blood, rushed at each other with the savageness of the tiger. And, paradoxical as it may seem, the good people in every one of the twelve nations previous to the sudden spread of the war fever, bore no ill-will to the good people of other nations—indeed, had much good-will toward them.

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

Dr. Frederick Lynch, who, at the outbreak of the war, was in Europe, suggests that a wholly new presentation of Christianity is necessary before such outbreaks can be stopped—very different at least from that which is heard in many pulpits nowadays. “Perhaps we have got to teach what Christ Himself taught, again and again, namely, that love of all Christians for each other, all men of good will for one another, must transcend race, nationality, and every other bond. We have never dared to preach this, although it was constantly on Christ’s lips. He even went further and said it must transcend family ties. It would be as impossible for one Christian to kill another, did we really believe in Christ and accept His gospel as it would be for an affectionate son to kill his mother. Another thing which we think every American of the fifty, who got their first sight of war in August, 1914, has come to feel is that our religion has broken down in its psychology, that the gospel has been addressed to a man that does not exist, that our sermons have been preached to an imaginary man. We have been preaching to men as highly respectable, on the whole good. Some of them even saintly, while as a matter of fact this has been only seeming. They have seemed thus because great tempta-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

tions have not roused them from their sleep. No one who came across Europe during the outbreak of this unparalleled war can ever hold this easy faith again. Men are beasts; cruel, lustful, revengeful, ravening, just as the gospel represents them. There are exceptions, but in most of us the beast lies just below the surface, and nothing but a regeneration which shall sweep through men's souls as a wind from heaven can make them clean."

XII.

LONG PASTORATES.

Among Baptist churches in Kentucky, there is nothing more detrimental to their growth and efficiency than the want of greater permanence in the pastoral relation. It is an occasion of weakness, very generally recognized by both pastors and churches, but so far, no effective remedy has been discovered for making more stable the relation between pastors and churches, or if found, very few churches and pastors have had the skill and courage to administer the remedy.

Those who have not taken the pains to look into this deplorable condition among our churches, will perhaps have some doubts as to its prevalence over any considerable part of our commonwealth. My knowledge of the situation does not hold good for the whole State, but there are two Associations with which I am fairly well acquainted, and I feel very sure there is not a preacher in either one of them that has been pastor continuously of one or more churches as long as ten yers. In Bracken Association, kingdom-building has been very greatly retarded by the fact that the pastors who locate

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

with the churches soon become restless, and before they have had time to get well acquainted with their congregations and thus able to minister effectively to their needs, they resign and go to another field.

The instability of pastors in Long Run Association has become very conspicuous. When Dr. J. M. Walker resigned at Crestwood, the first of June, 1916, it was the closing of a pastorate of ten and a half years of signally successful work, whether you measure it by the numerical increase of the membership of the church or by the enlarged contributions to the missionary and educational work of the denomination. This pastorate is the more conspicuous because of the fact that the pastor, for the first four years, was prosecuting his studies in the Seminary at Louisville. At this writing, I don't think there is a pastor in Long Run Association who has been with his congregation ten years.

Those who have knowledge of the situation in Tennessee, report that a similar condition exists among Baptist churches in that State. On the occasion of the seventh anniversary of his pastorate in Nashville, Dr. Rufus W. Weaver, among other things, said:

"I am, in point of service, the oldest Baptist pastor in Nashville, the fifth among Baptist

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

pastors in Tennessee, and if my information is correct, the third among all the evangelical denominations in this city. I have seen fifty-eight Baptist pastors, either come or go, in the eighteen Baptist churches of Nashville since I came here in 1908. The average length of pastorates among Baptist pastors in the State, has been two years and two months. One of the imperative needs of the day is a greater patience on the part of the people with their pastors and a greater fortitude on the part of the pastors in facing the difficulties which are found in every church. Among those difficulties there is none greater than the one which grows out of the restless spirit of the times, and the consequent and constantly shifting population. The modern preacher in the city makes his appeal to a moving procession. Of the church membership which welcomed me seven years ago, there remain only sixty-five who may be regarded as active members, doing their share of the work of this church; of the fifteen church officers, there remain only four; of the twenty-seven Sunday School officers and teachers, only eight are now in our membership."

Some of the difficulties in the way of longer pastorates are real and formidable, but not insurmountable. It is not infrequently the case

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

that after a man has been with a church two or three years, he learns some things about the situation that would have led him to decline the call if he had been advised of them before accepting the charge. He has been on the field long enough to read between the lines of the conduct and profession of some prominent members, and they become aware of the fact that the pastor has knowledge of their shortcomings, and they begin to manifest signs of restlessness and suggest the desirableness of the pastor's resignation and the coming of another man who is not so well acquainted with their irregular lives. But in nine cases out of ten, the pastor should stay on the field. However, in order to remain and successfully prosecute the work, he will need the wisdom of serpents, the harmlessness of doves, the patience of Job and the courage and endurance of Paul.

Nearly all our country churches follow the long-established, but unjustifiable custom of making annual calls to their pastors. The usual argument advanced in favor of annual calls is that it enables a church more easily to dispense with the services of a pastor who is not desired. Churches which make annual calls do not seem to recognize the many advantages of a long pastorate. At least in the custom of making annual

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

calls, they unwittingly leave open the door for the disturbance of the pastoral relation.

Though something to be greatly desired, yet rarely do we find a unanimous agreement among the members of a church in choosing a pastor, and so at the expiration of the year when the time comes to vote for a pastor, a disaffected element will more than likely take advantage of the occasion to make their dissent known, and they will usually be accorded a recognition altogether out of proportion to the individual worth of the disaffected element. An overwhelming majority of the church may wish the pastoral relation to continue, yet the very fact that objection has been raised against the continuance of the pastor may lead him to decline to serve the church any longer. Every church, in extending a call to a pastor, and every pastor, in accepting the oversight of a church, should have in mind the many advantages of a long pastorate. It is readily admitted that occasionally a pastor overstays the day of his usefulness, but such a case is rare as compared with the many instances when the relation between pastor and people is severed before the work of the pastor is finished.

A few long pastorates in Long Run Association have been conspicuously fruitful of much

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

good. W. P. Barnett was pastor of King's Church for about forty years; Dr. J. M. Weaver served Chestnut Street Church (now Weaver Memorial), nearly fifty years, and Dr. T. T. Eaton ministered to Walnut Street Church for twenty-six years. These were all good and faithful ministers of the Word and approved themselves unto God, workmen that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth, giving to each his portion in due season, and these faithful shepherds left the impress of their character and teachings, not only on their immediate congregations, but their influence extended throughout the entire communities in which they lived and labored.

And not the least conspicuous among long pastorates in Long Run and other Associations are those held by W. E. Powers, the subject of this sketch. The organization of Beechland Church was among the first fruits of his ministry. He was their first pastor. In the beginning of his work with this church, he preached to them only once a month, Saturday and the Sunday following. After a few years, he was invited to preach to them two Sundays in each month. At the end of a twenty-two years' pastorate, he had the privilege of seeing the church become a self-supporting congregation, having

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

preaching every Sunday. The facts just related show that the church not only increased in numbers, but that as new members were received into the fold, they were taken in hand by the pastor and taught that they must not only be hearers of the Word, but doers of the same, and thus the growth in members was matched by a corresponding increase in efficiency.

At the death of Elder W. P. Barnett, Mr. Powers succeeded him in the pastorate of King's Church in Bullitt County. Having conducted twenty or more revival meetings in this church during the incumbency of his immediate predecessor, he was no stranger among them, and thus it was not necessary for them to waste time in getting acquainted with each other. Mr. Powers ministered to this church twelve years, and during the whole time there was an encouraging growth in members and efficiency. Very recently, under the wise management of Rev. E. C. Stevens, this old fraternity has requested the services of a pastor every Sunday.

Mr. Powers' pastorate at Long Run Church was prolonged beyond thirty years, and he began his work at Sligo Church in Henry County, in January, 1868, and continued to serve them till the end of the year 1895.

One of the charming features of these long

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

continued pastorates is the beautiful friendships that take root and imperceptibly grow up between pastor and people. This is undoubtedly true of all the pastors who have been specifically mentioned, and their names today are redolent of gone-by years. It would perhaps be too much to say that every man and woman in the churches which Mr. Powers served was his friend, but one is perfectly safe in saying that the exceptions were rare; and while specific mention cannot be made of all these friends, yet it is worth while to insert in this record the names of a few men and women, who are only representative of a great number.

In Long Run Church, Brother Powers was on terms of Christian amity and friendship with the Johnsons, Collinses, Sturgeons, Longs, Hensons, and Enochs, all of whom were loyal supporters of his ministry for nearly a generation. In the Beechland Church, were the Fosses, Everharts, Kennedys, some of whom were the first fruits of his ministry, and two generations of which regarded him as their spiritual father, and implicitly trusted him as their pastor. In King's Church were the Drakes, Wesleys, Markwells, Ellebys, and Wiggintons, who gave him loyal support in his efforts to propagate the Gospel. In Sligo Church, J. J. Merchant and

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

his entire family were his steadfast and devoted friends. The Starks were just as loyal in their admiration and support of their pastor. While both were living, J. J. Merchant and his pastor entered into covenant with each other to the end that whichever should be the survivor, would have a care of the family of the deceased. In the year 1877, Mr. Merchant departed this life, while Brother Powers survived thirty-nine years, yet he never failed to make one or more annual visits to his old friend's children and before his death, the third generation of the Merchants considered it an honor to have their old pastor as a guest in their homes.

On one occasion, during his pastorate at Sligo, Brother Powers was confined to his bed for many weeks on account of a serious sickness, and although it was midwinter and the roads nearly impassable, Mrs. Starks, then above sixty years old, was not deterred from going on horseback twenty-one miles to visit her pastor. In the presence of such devotion, it is no marvel that the pastor said the sight of her face was like a burst of sunshine from behind a dark cloud on a wintry day and gladdened his heart more than a visit from his doctor. The members of Sligo Church tell with pleasure and sadness that Brother Powers' son, John Spencer,

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

preached his maiden sermon in their church during a meeting of days that was conducted by his father. Though a novice in the role of preacher, this young man gave promise of becoming eminent in his calling, and the few years that he lived after beginning his work justified the expectations of his father and many friends. After finishing his work in Georgetown College and taking a course of studies in the Seminary at Louisville, this gifted young man accepted the care of the Baptist church in Narborne, Mo. But while the dew of youth was yet on his brow and before he had reached the noon of life, November 11, 1894, he was called from labor to reward. This was a bereavement that sorely grieved the heart of the venerable father, but he never murmured against the ways of Providence. He courageously addressed himself to the work before him and said, "The will of the Lord be done."

And in this connection, let it be recorded to the praise of old Sligo Church, which has passed the hundredth milestone in her career of usefulness, that there are members in her fold who have nearly reached their three-score years in the pilgrimage of life, and yet have known only three pastors. Brother Powers served the church twenty-seven years, and was succeeded

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

by Rev. J. T. Sampson, who broke to them the bread of life for fourteen years, and after his death, Dr. J. M. Walker was called to the care of the church and he served them six years. The church prospered under the ministration of all three of these pastors, and they were greatly beloved, both on account of their personal worth and for their work's sake.



CLEMENT POWERS, FATHER OF W. E. POWERS

XIII.

THE NESTOR OF MODERATORS.

Every man who has had much to do with horses knows that not infrequently a good team becomes balky and unreliable in the hands of an incompetent driver, while on the other hand a team that has been spoiled can be trained to pull together when the reins are in the hands of a teamster who thoroughly knows his business. This observation holds good with regard to deliberative bodies.

Very seldom has the Kentucky Baptist General Association been entrusted to the hands of an incompetent Moderator. However, this was the case on one occasion. The presiding officer did not understand the ins and outs of parliamentary law and the result was that, at one stage in the proceedings, deliberation was thrown to the winds for a few minutes and great confusion was precipitated in the business, and soon a half dozen men were on their feet trying to get the recognition of the chair. It so happened that Dr. J. P. Boyce, a skilful presiding officer and universally recognized as authority in parliamentary law, was present and having obtained the recognition of the chair, he made

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

a few explanatory statements which were followed by a motion, and within a few minutes the tangle was straightened out and the business of the Association went on in an orderly manner.

Our district associations, being smaller bodies, do not so often get into confusion for want of a competent Moderator, but even when the body is small, a skilful and impartial presiding officer contributes largely to orderliness in the procedure and dispatch of business.

It is needless to say that every man who has been honored by his brethren and entrusted with the management of a deliberative body should make some effort to qualify himself for the duties of the office. This writer has had an experience of more than forty years in observing the workings of our district associations, and he is glad to believe there has been improvement in the qualification of the men who are called to preside over them. And yet candor compels him to say there is still room for great improvement, and all the more has this become a necessity since nearly all our district associations have elected to put their business through within the limits of two days.

Mr. Powers began the study of parliamentary law several years before he was ordained

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

to the work of preaching the Gospel. His interest in the matter came about on thiswise. In the year 1845, the year in which he attained his majority, in which too he was married, he became an Entered Apprentice in Lodge No. 47 F. & A. M. at Lagrange. In the year 1846, he was demitted from Lodge No. 47 to Wingate Lodge No. 161 at Simpsonville, with which his membership remained till he was called to join the larger brotherhood beyond. He soon gained an enviable place in the confidence and affections of his Masonic brethren. He was elected Master of Wingate Lodge in the year 1852, '53, '54 and 1859. In the year 1867, he is reported as Senior Warden of his lodge. In the year 1895, when he had reached the end of the fiftieth year of his membership in the Masonic fraternity, the members of Wingate Lodge made recognition of the unusual event in a very pleasing way. They made a banquet in his honor to commemorate the occasion. Not only was the greater number of the local lodge present, but many brethren from other lodges were also there. Such a coming together was an honor to those who projected it and made it possible, and the venerable guest of the occasion was worthy of the unusual tribute. Thus we see that this record as a Mason has had very few

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

parallels in the fraternity in Kentucky. He maintained an unbroken connection with this ancient and honorable brotherhood from the year 1845 till his death in the year 1916, a stretch of time reaching through two generations, or to be nearly exact, seventy-one years. And when his funeral took place at Simpsonville, November 28, 1916, the Lodge had special charge of the casket and escorted it to Todd's Point where, after the usual honors at the grave, the body was laid to rest beside that of his beloved wife, who had preceded him to the glory-land more than twenty years. In all his relations to the lodge, he was faithful and exemplary, but the claims of the lodge were not suffered to interfere with his loyalty and obligations to his churches and the associations. He gave the claims of his churches the right of way, and when the time came for him to go to one of his appointments, the claims of the lodge were relegated to the second place in his affections, and his sense of duty was quickened by a consciousness of the presence of Him who, through Paul, charged the Ephesian Elders to take heed unto themselves and to the flock over the which the Holy Ghost had made them overseers, to feed the Church of God which He had purchased with his own blood.

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

Many years given to the study of parliamentary law and four years of experience as presiding officer in the lodge gave him something more than a local reputation as a competent and impartial moderator. Thus it came about in the years 1880, when Long Run Association met at Taylorsville, Mr. Powers was elected to preside over the deliberations of the body, and he was re-elected at every annual session, during the remainder of his life, except on three occasions. In the year 1882 and 1883, Hon. I. W. Edwards was called to the moderatorship of the association and in the year 1891, Dr. W. H. Whitsitt was chosen to preside. It would be an honor to preside over the deliberations of Long Run Association even once, but to have that honor thirty-four years out of thirty-seven is a distinction that cannot be claimed by many brethren in our Baptist brotherhood. There is an instance, however, in which one of our Kentucky pastors made a record that surpasses that of Mr. Powers by several years. Soon after E. G. Berry, the pastor who baptized Mr. Powers, and a true yoke-fellow in Gospel work, was ordained to the ministry, he was elected Moderator of Sulphur Fork Association and was re-elected each year till he had completed fifty years of service in that office. If there is

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

any other case on record that equals that of E. G. Berry for length of service as Moderator of an association, this writer is not advised of it.

Mr. Powers was in many respects admirably equipped for a presiding officer. He had a comprehensive knowledge of parliamentary law and an active memory, readily recalling what he had read and studied. His sense of justice was keen and discriminating, and while, perhaps, it can not be said he was always wholly detached in his rulings, yet they were surprisingly free from prejudice. He was perfect in temper, always had himself well in hand, unfailingly good humored, invariably optimistic and yet withal splendidly courageous when the occasion required, and while he greatly appreciated the expressed approval of his brethren, flattery had no purchasing power with him, nor did aggressiveness on the part of those who dissented from his rulings, in the least, disturb him.

Historic Long Run Association, take it one year with another, is as dignified a deliberative body as can be found within the boundaries of the commonwealth. We could not expect it to be otherwise in view of the character of the men who have, in the past, presided over it. Here are the names of some of the men who were mod-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

erators of the association in a former generation: George Waller, Wm. C. Buck, John L. Waller, Smith Thomas, S. H. Ford, A. B. Knight, J. L. Burrows and A. C. Caperton. And now comes the name of the late venerable Moderator, Walter Ellis Powers, who, for more than an average generation, presided over the deliberations of the Association. Thus we see that the churches and pastors, composing Long Run Association, have noble traditions in the character of the men who have presided at her annual sessions.

But on a few occasions the messengers seemed to forget their noble traditions and were not swayed by the precious memories of the past. This was conspicuously the case in the years 1896 and 1897, when the Association met respectively with Walnut Street Church in Louisville, and Long Run Church, of which Mr. Powers was at the time pastor. It was during the session held at Walnut Street Church that what is known, among Kentucky Baptists, as the Whitsitt controversy, came prominently to the front. It is neither desirable nor necessary to revive the controversy that was a disturbing factor among Southern Baptists twenty years ago, and the question would not be adverted to in these annals but for the fact that Mr. Powers

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

was Moderator of the Association on each occasion when the question was up for discussion and adjudication.

As well as the author can state the question, it was this: Dr. Whitsitt held and taught that immersion was not known and practiced among the English Baptists till the year 1641. This proposition was sharply and widely challenged. A controversy in the religious journals was a prelude to the introduction of the question into the Association. One resolution in 1896 was intended to allay the agitation till Dr. Whitsitt could make a fuller statement in defense of his position. In the time between the meeting of the Association in 1896 and 1897, Dr. Whitsitt's little book came out. But his defense did not prove satisfactory, and the controversy continued.

However, it should be stated that there was a sharp controversy over the subject in the Association at Walnut Street Church in 1896 and much heat was displayed in the discussion. When the Association met at Long Run in 1897, a resolution was introduced, disapproving Dr. Whitsitt's teachings concerning Baptist history. On this occasion, the full strength of each side in the controversy was on hand. The question had gotten beyond the boundaries of the com-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

monwealth and so there were visitors from other States. After a protracted and animated discussion, the resolution of disapproval carried by a handsome majority.

There were noble and good men on both sides of the controversy, and among those who took decided stand against Dr. Whitsitt's teachings, perhaps Dr. T. T. Eaton was the most prominent, but he had a large and able following of enthusiastic supporters. On the side of the question upholding Dr. Whitsitt in his teachings there were many able advocates, and they had the courage of their convictions. One of the unfortunate by-products of a heated controversy is that nearly always, in some form or other, personalities are injected into it and not infrequently a sting remains to rankle long after the question has been disposed of. This perhaps follows from the fact that some men cannot distinguish between the teachings of a man and the man himself, although a moment's reflection will show that many lovable men have held and maintained very erroneous teachings. Aside from the correctness or incorrectness of Dr. Whitsitt's position, it is generally allowed that he was a very lovable man. This was the attitude of the venerable Moderator of Long Run Association. He loved Dr. Whitsitt as a

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

man and a Christian brother, but he did not approve his teachings in the controversy current twenty years ago.

On two occasions the Whitsitt question found its way into the deliberations of the Kentucky Baptist General Association and it was a disturbing factor in the Southern Baptist Convention on more than one occasion. It was formally disposed of by the trustees of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary by requesting Dr. Whitsitt to resign and withdraw from the presidency of the seminary.

Many regrettable things were said and done pending the decision of the question, both at Walnut Street Church, in 1896, and at Long Run, in 1897. On several occasions things seemed to be going at cross-purposes, but at no time in the proceedings did the moderator lose control of himself or the body over which he was presiding, although it did seem at times there was deliberate purpose to stampede him. During the heat of the controversy exceptions were made to the rulings of the chair, and an appeal to the body was made, but in each case the rulings of the moderator were sustained by a decided majority.

On many subsequent occasions, and in many places throughout the Southland, the immediate

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

aftermath of this unfortunate controversy was felt and greatly deplored. It looked at one time as though the result of it would be a cleavage in our Southern Baptist Zion. But under wise counsel and Christian forbearance and the mellowing influence of time, the asperities engendered during the controversy have largely disappeared. Drs. Eaton and Whitsitt and our venerable moderator have all ceased from their labors and gone to be with Christ.

The author of this biography has been more or less closely identified with churches, associations and conventions for more than fifty years, and during that time he has witnessed many heated controversies concerning which he has nearly always had very decided convictions, and yet, candor compels him to admit that he has seldom fully understood all the ramifications of the questions involved, and, also the bearing of some great and good men has been sorely puzzling. I am reverently waiting for more light. This longing for perfect knowledge will be satisfied some day. "For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as I am known. And now abideth faith, hope charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

XIV.

AFTER HE SERVED HIS OWN GENERA-
TION, BY THE WILL OF GOD,
HE FELL ON SLEEP.

Mr. Powers was well advanced in his thirty-sixth year when he was ordained to the ministry in the year 1859. Soon after this important event he began his work as missionary evangelist and pastor, and, having put his hand to the plough, he drove straight ahead and ploughed a furrow so straight that few are able to parallel it. Thus he continued in his noble vocation till November 26, 1916, when, at the bidding of the Lord of the harvest, he put off the harness and lay down to rest. Up to the very time when the day of life was going away and the shadows of evening were stretching out, he was "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord; rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer; distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality."

During the many years of his active service in the ministry Mr. Powers had been first and last, pastor of sixteen churches, as follows: Long Run, Beechland, Jeffersontown, Fischer-ville and Pleasant Grove, in Jefferson County;

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

Kings, Mt. Washington and Knob Creek, in Bullitt; Ballardsville and Liberty, in Oldham; Sligo, in Henry; Mt. Eden and Elk Creek in Spencer; Mt. Pleasant, Mt. Vernon and Indian Fork, in Shelby.

If the author has been correctly informed, the termination of Mr. Powers' work, at Mt. Vernon, in the year 1908, was the termination of his official work as pastor. The closing of his work as pastor was not, however, the closing of his work as preacher of the gospel. During the eight years immediately preceding his death he did a very appreciable amount of work in supplying churches that were temporarily without pastors, and especially during the summer months of this eight years, by special invitation, he would visit the churches which he had formerly served and preach for them once, and not infrequently twice on a Sunday.

The announcement of his coming to his old churches was sure to bring out a record congregation and, notwithstanding his advanced age, on several occasions, after he had passed well into his ninety-third year, he would preach an hour without any break in the continuity of thought, and often in the development of his theme he would become impassioned and his

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

voice would ring out with trumpet-like clearness.

The ministry of Mr. Powers was conspicuous, not only because it extended over many years, but also for the quantity and quality of the harvest garnered. During these years he had witnessed the conversion of more than four thousand souls under his ministry, and with his own hands he had baptized nearly four thousands candidates for membership in the churches. Under his preaching twenty-nine young men were converted who became active ministers of the gospel, nearly all of whom were baptized by him. And so now, while his lifeless body rests under the sod, awaiting the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, these young men who came under the magnetic touch of this man of God, are still preaching the blessed gospel, and the work of our venerable brother goes on, bearing precious fruit.

In the year 1894, Mr. Powers' noble wife laid down the burden of life and entered into the rest prepared for the people of God, and for the next eight or nine years, his daughters, Mrs. Slead and Mrs. Thompson, had the care of his home where he had lived so many years,

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

and they did all that was possible to make him forget the bereavement he had sustained in the homegoing of the noble woman whom he regarded as a special gift from God, who was the mother of his children and who, for half a century had been friend, companion and help-mate to her husband. And only when the books are opened in heaven and their records revealed, will it be fully known how much she contributed to his happiness and the success of his work as pastor and evangelist.

About the year 1898, Mr. Powers broke up housekeeping and went to make his home with his son, Dr. Jas. G. Powers, at Fairfield. From there he would go occasionally to visit the churches which he formerly served; also he would frequently make prolonged visits to his other children whose homes were always open to him and when beneath their roof, children and grandchildren vied with each other in anticipating his wants and ministering to his comfort.

When Mr. Powers' friends met him at the association, in Louisville, September 21 and 22, 1916, he was still active in body and alert of mind. There was nothing to indicate that the time of his homegoing was so near. They did not know that this was the last occasion when

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

he would preside over the association, whose interests and prosperity had occupied so large a place in his affections for more than half a century. However, within a few weeks the venerable moderator, who had been so great a factor in the work of Long Run Association, began to feel the encroachments of disease. Then his friends heard, with alarm, that pneumonia had set in. The end is near. The long day of service is drawing to a close. The shadows of evening are stretching out. The night cometh. The Lord lays His hand gently on his faithful servant. The rhythmic beating of that great heart stops. He sleeps! He entered into rest November 26, 1916, aged 92 years, 5 months. Nearly all the churches which he had served took formal notice of the homegoing of their beloved pastor. Many letters were received by his children from friends and admirers who ardently loved him and counted it a joy to have come in touch with him.

On Monday morning, the day immediately following Mr. Powers' death, the Baptist Pastors' Conference, in Louisville, went on record in the following resolutions:

"Seeing that the All-wise God, in whose keeping are we all, has seen fit in His sovereign wisdom to call our friend and brother, the Rev.

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

W. E. Powers, home from the walks of men and the labors of this life, we, therefore, the members of the Louisville Baptist Pastors' Conference, in session, Monday, November 27, 1916, do unanimously resolve:

"That in his homegoing we have lost a father in Israel, a friend and counselor, whose wisdom and tactful fellowship never failed us, and a pattern of Godliness that was a constant source of inspiration in our labors;

"That the cause of Jesus Christ in general, and of the Baptists in particular, has lost a stalwart defender, an illustrious exponent, and an advocate of tireless devotion;

"That the community at large has lost one of the greatest blessings of life, namely, the benign and purifying influence of a man whose body, mind and spirit had been for many years joyously laid on the altar of Christian service;

"That a committee composed of H. L. Winburn, M. P. Hunt, and G. D. Billeisen be instructed to convey our feeling of sympathy and our fellowship in their loss, to his family; and that copies of these resolutions be furnished the family and the religious press."

H. L. Winburn,
Committee. M. P. Hunt,
W. W. Landrum.

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

The funeral services took place in the Baptist Church at Simpsonville, Tuesday morning, and were in charge of Dr. J. W. Porter, an intimate friend of many years. The services were simple, wholly without ostentation as was becoming. They consisted of the reading of the Scriptures, the singing of the hymns the old pastor loved, testimonials of appreciation from those who had known him and loved him. Not a speech, save one, extended beyond five minutes. Those who took part in the services were: T. A. Johnson, M. P. Hunt, H. L. Winburn, W. W. Landrum, A. N. White, E. C. Stevens, E. H. Blakeman.

It was proper that Dr. Porter, who had known Brother Powers so intimately, admired him so greatly and loved him so ardently, should speak more at length. He appraised, very highly, but none too highly, the worth of this father in Israel. His name deserves to be writ large among the heroes of faith.

The day was very inclement, but a great crowd of people braved the storm to pay this last tribute of respect to their old pastor and friend. Nearly all the churches which he had formerly served were represented in the congregation. They came from countryside, nearby towns, Shelbyville, Lexington and Louisville. They

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

came not to mourn. It was no occasion for tears, except for tears of joy in the power of God's love. They came to show their loving pride in their dead pastor, their gratitude for his noble life, their joy in his triumphant home-going and his abundant entrance into the everlasting Kingdom.

He leaves to his brethren in the ministry an inspiring example of diligence in service, fidelity to convictions, and loyalty to the truth. He leaves to his friends and children a heritage of sweet and noble memories.

"Now the laborer's task is o'er:
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

"There the tears of earth are dried ;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

"There the sinful souls that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At his feet in Paradise.

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

Father, in thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

“ ‘Earth to earth, and dust to dust,’
Calmly now the words we say;
Leaving him to sleep in trust,
Till the resurrection-day.
Father, in thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.”

XV.

INTERESTING EPISODES.

Repartee is a dangerous weapon; like a two-edged sword, it cuts both ways. In the mouth of a man with an acid heart, repartee is abrupt, darting, scornful and tosses its analogies in one's face and is just as likely to wound a friend as lay an enemy. The genial hearted poet, Cowper, says:

“A man renowned for repartee will seldom scruple to make free with friendship's finest feelings.”

Humor, on the other hand, is indirect in its approach, slow and shy, insinuating its fun into the heart. However, when both wit and humor are met with in a big hearted man, we have an ideal combination. These two characteristics were very prominent in the make-up of Mr. Powers' mental processes. His resourcefulness was proverbial and rarely failed him, but his genial heart saved him from caustic witticisms.

Just incidentally, Sam B. Royster, a friend of many years' standing, met him at the Post Office one morning and greeted him thus: “Good morning, Brother Powers, I see you are

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

going to have a new coat soon." "How is that?" said Brother Powers. "I see a worm on your sleeve taking your measure for a new suit of clothes." "I've got no faith in that worm, but I have some in the fellow that found him." The rejoinder was so neat, so apposite and came out with such spontaneity that Mr. Royster handed him a ten dollar bill, saying that it would help some toward the new suit of clothes.

Mr. Powers told an interesting story of his experience in connection with a church belonging to the persuasion, which in its origin, about a hundred years ago, was called the Current Reformation, but now officially recognized as the Disciples Church. This story illustrates the quick-wittedness of our hero as well as his recognition of his own rights and his resourcefulness in extricating himself from what might have been a very embarrassing situation. Also this incident shows how disingenuously some people are wont to set traps for the unwary. In going to and from one of his regular appointments, Mr. Powers was accustomed to passing a Disciple church, many of whose members were his neighbors and friends, and they were also more or less regular attendants on the services at the Baptist church. These friends had frequently

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

invited Mr. Powers to preach for them in returning to his home in the afternoon. He was not eager to comply with this request, knowing the radically different views held by the Baptists and Disciples on fundamental doctrines, and so he had hitherto declined several invitations to preach for them. However, their repeated requests prevailed and he made an engagement to preach for them one Sunday afternoon at three o'clock. The appointment was announced at his own church in the morning, and when he arrived on the ground he was not surprised to find a large congregation awaiting him, composed of both Baptists and Disciples. But when he entered the house he was surprised and chagrined to see bread and wine on the table and preparations made to celebrate the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. But the preacher on this occasion was not to be caught in the snare, so disingenuously set for him. He frankly told the friends who had invited him to preach that he had charge of the services on this particular occasion, and that it was not an appropriate time to celebrate the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. So he entered the pulpit, preached his sermon, and dismissed the congregation without any further reference to the disingenuous conduct of his friends. The people

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

dispersed to their homes and no further attempt was made to administer the ordinance.

During the war between the states, more than fifty years ago, Edwin Gardner Berry, a short sketch of whose life and work has been given in a foregoing chapter, was pastor of the Baptist church in Lagrange. Partisan feeling ran high in those days, and adherents for both the North and the South were nearly always in evidence in most communities in Kentucky. It is hardly necessary to say there were no neutrals concerning the issues involved. Every man, woman and child had views about current events and it took very little provocation to bring their views to the front. Prejudices were strong and friendships of many years' standing were broken to be healed with difficulty after the war-clouds were blown away. This was the situation at Lagrange when the church and pastor invited Mr. Powers to hold a meeting of days with them. Knowing that his own political views did not accord with the views of many people in the community where he was requested to labor, he accepted the invitation with some misgivings, well aware that the disturbing questions of the day were more than likely to be injected into the conversation in any social circle where he might find himself. However, he went, like

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

Abraham of old, not knowing what awaited him, but purposing in his heart to exercise all possible tact and practice forbearance to the utmost limits consistent with self-respect and loyalty to his own convictions. On several occasions the conversation approached perilously near the danger line, but by skillful maneuvering unpleasant complications were avoided. However, one man, more persistent than wise, made a direct effort to lead Mr. Powers to declare himself, as to his approval or disapproval of secession, but our hero sidetracked the question by saying that inasmuch as the devil had so large a following in the world, his politics just then was to have all those who had been hitherto marching under the banner of his satanic majesty in Lagrange to secede from his army and come over on the Lord's side and swell the ranks of Prince Immanuel's hosts. And he stressed the fact that his object in coming to the community was not political, but religious, and that he was then acting in the capacity of recruiting officer for the Lord, and he did not think it wise to turn aside to the discussion of irrelevant issues. Thus by turning the thoughts to things religious he avoided a discussion that would have injured the meet-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

ing and which would not have been otherwise profitable.

Something over thirty years ago Elk Creek Church divided over the calling of a pastor. When the name of a certain preacher was presented to the church, about one-half of the members cast their votes for him. About as many of the members and just as worthy in all the essentials of character and ability, were decidedly against the man whose name had been presented. Those who were opposed to him would not yield their objections, and those who wanted him to become their pastor were equally tenacious as to their choice. After several unsuccessful efforts to compromise, it was thought advisable for the church to divide and form two congregations rather than try to live together in a constant turmoil. The result was two congregations and each one calling itself by the name of Elk Creek Church. They divided the use of the meeting house, each congregation occupying it two Sundays in each month. They had two pastors, two Bibles, two sets of hymn books.

Thus they went on for ten years when Bro. Powers was called to the pastorate of one of the congregations. He accepted the pastorate with the avowed and well-known purpose of effecting

a union between the two churches, a consummation devoutly wished for by both congregations, but hardly hoped for by many of the best members in each church. However, within less than two years the union was an accomplished fact, and where for more than ten years there had been two churches, now there was only one to the great joy of all concerned, and also to the great advantage of the Kingdom in that community. The wished-for ending of the alienation came about on thiswise: Brother Powers had the confidence of both congregations, and all the members of each church, irrespective of the division, came to hear him preach. He studiously avoided saying anything in his sermons that would accentuate the fact that two congregations were worshipping in the same house. He mingled freely among them as though they were all members of the church which had called him, and during his regular visits to the community he as often spent the nights in the homes of one congregation as in the other. There had been no jarring among them during his ministry, and yet only incidentally and indirectly had he broached the subject of uniting the two churches. In the course of the second year of his pastorate among them, one of the prominent members of the congrega-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

tion of which he was not pastor sickened and died, and Brother Powers was requested to conduct the funeral services on the occasion of his burial. Members of both congregations were present in about equal numbers, and an equal number of brethren from each congregation acted as pallbearers. All had confidence in the integrity and Christian character of the deceased brother and all realized that the community had sustained a decided loss. And while they were all saddened and chastened by their loss, Brother Powers began to make definite efforts to effect a union between the two churches. And he was glad to find that they all recognized the desirableness of union and were willing to talk the matter over to see if they could find any common ground on which they could stand to effect the desired end. As a first step the two congregations agreed to call in two other pastors and refer the matter to them in the hope of effecting the union. Now it is a remarkable fact that each church, without the knowledge of the other's action, chose the late beloved Dr. T. T. Eaton as referee. However, when it became known that each party had chosen Dr. Eaton, one party waved its claim and invited to the conference the late Dr. W. W. Gardner, who was greatly esteemed by

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

all those who knew him. When the referees met at the meeting house at the time appointed, they did not find a difficult task before them. In paving the way for this conference Brother Powers had virtually accomplished the desired end before the meeting took place. Happily all difficulties were overcome and the two churches again became one, and the occasion proved to be a genuine lovefeast. Dr. W. L. Pickard, then a student in the Seminary, now president of Mercer University, was pastor of one congregation. Henceforth there would be needed only one pastor for the re-united church, and as each division of the church was warmly attached to its preacher, there was a possibility of a difference of opinion as to which of the two brethren should continue to minister to the church. However, if any one was in doubt about the matter he was not held in suspense very long. When the union had been accomplished and the fact formally announced, Bro. Powers promptly tendered his resignation and Bro. Pickard became pastor of the united church. When the two congregations had become united, the salary of Bro. Pickard for the current year had already been provided for by the congregation to which he had been preaching and some of the prominent members of this

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

wing of the church went to the other wing of the church and suggested that they pay Bro. Powers the stipulated salary for the current year. The suggestion was heartily approved, and Bro. Powers received his salary, though he did not continue to preach for them. That was an act of generosity worthy of all praise for those who conceived the idea of it as well as those who carried it into execution. Thus it came about that for the first time in his career as a preacher Bro. Powers received a stipend for work which he had not performed.

Many years ago, it was the custom of the General Association, during the closing hours of its session, to have the oldest and youngest pastors present relate their Christian experience. Such occasions were replete with glorious possibilities, and they often became veritable love-feasts and sent the messengers back to the churches with rejoicing because of the power of God's grace in the hearts of men. Is it "a custom more honored in the breach than the observance"? In the judgment of this writer, the discontinuance of the custom is a distinctive loss to our denominational life.

There is good precedent for its observance. Bunyan's pilgrim, in his journey from the city of destruction to the New Jerusalem, improved

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

many a minute in telling of the Lord's dealings with him. Indeed, the immortal allegory is nothing more or less than Bunyan's Christian experience, told with the skill of the consummate artist. In an hour of rapturous emotion, David lifts up his voice and cries: "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." To have the last seven chapters of the Acts of the apostles omitted from the records of the early churches would be a distinct and irreparable loss. And in what does their great value consist? They are hardly anything more than the Christian experience of the great apostle, told by himself before the Sanhedrim, and the mob in Jerusalem and before Festus, Felix and Agrippa at Cæsarea.

Brother Powers tells of one instance when the simple relation of a Christian experience electrified the heart of every one present. The occasion was when the General Association met, the first time in Louisville after the close of the war between the States more than fifty years ago. While the Southern army had stacked their arms and those in authority had formally accepted the arbitrament of the sword, there was still a pronounced lack of cordiality between the people in Kentucky who held antag-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

onistic opinions during the conflict. Deep-seated prejudices still prevailed in all ranks of society, and the alienation was so marked that the churches, both laymen and pastors, were so handicapped that active co-operation in the prosecution of the benevolent enterprises usually fostered by the Baptists was almost entirely wanting. The recital of the Christian experience of one pastor did more to allay the asperities of the brethren than a hundred formal sermons on the importance of brethren dwelling together in unity. The pastor who so effectively told of his conversion and the Lord's dealings with him was the late Green Clay Smith, a federal general during the war and also an ex-member of the Congress of the United States. Though not the youngest pastor in the Association, his conversion and ordination to the ministry were recent occurrences, and in this respect, he was a junior. General Smith's statement was preceded by that of Rev. Robert Williams, an old pastor, who had an honorable record in the ministry, and the recital of his Christian experience was listened to with absorbing interest. Then followed that of Gen. Smith, whose political views and activities during the war had been decidedly out of harmony

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

with the majority of the members of the Association.

As nearly as can be recalled by Brother Powers, his statement was as follows:

“Brethren, you all know something about me and the manner of life I have lived. I have dabbled a good deal in politics, was at one time a member of Congress, and I was a general in the Federal army during the war. You know a great deal about me that is not creditable; indeed, much that is quite discreditable, and I speak of it with the deepest contrition. I wonder that the Lord did not become impatient and cut me off long since. But he didn’t, and I am glad today that he exercised forbearance, for I was not fit to die. On one occasion when I was in the mountains of Kentucky, I saw people gathering as if for worship. Curiosity or something else led me to join them. I entered the house, a very rude structure and with poor accommodations. The preacher was a mountain man whose name was Edwards. His scholastic attainments were manifestly meager and his use of the Queen’s English could not have met the approval of Lindley Murray. But he was an orator. I have heard the greatest orators in Kentucky on the hustings and in our courts of justice. I have heard the great men in both

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

houses of Congress, but I was never moved as this man moved me. He preached about man's need of salvation and the divine provision for that need. I was spell-bound. For a time, I could not move. He set before me a picture of my life, and my sins stared me in the face. I fully realized my condition. I trembled greatly and felt that I was indeed lost. But before he closed, he told of the divine plan, whereby, though lost, a man could be saved, and then and there I accepted Christ as my Saviour. I felt so overjoyed and my heart was so full of gratitude, I determined that henceforth I would spend my days in telling others what great things Christ has done for me, and of his willingness and ability to save them. And now, brethren, I want to live with you and be one of you if you will let me. If I can, I want to help you, and I shall need your help."

Before General Smith had finished his recital, almost everyone's eyes were suffused with tears, and when he had done, there was a spontaneous and simultaneous movement from all parts of the congregation toward the speaker in the van of which movement was our hero, and they gave him their hands and put their arms around him and, so to speak, kept them there as long as General Smith lived. Brother Powers

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

says that nothing but the workings of God's grace in the heart could have produced such a scene as was witnessed on that memorable occasion; doubtless he is right.

In the year 1882, Mr. Powers, by invitation, went to Lebanon, Texas, to hold a meeting with the Baptist Church of which Dr. Kimbrough was pastor. When the invitation was first received, husband and wife and children contemplated that Mrs. Powers should accompany our hero on this journey. However, the morning having arrived when they were to start, Mrs. Powers was taken suddenly sick, and it looked as though she would have to abandon the trip. But the opportunity for such a visit and outing did not often come her way, and her daughters would not accept the idea of their mother not going with their father. So they dressed her, and father and mother were conveyed to the train, and soon they were on their journey to the Lone Star State. At home, Mrs. Powers was subject to spells of violent sick headache every week. Altogether, they were absent from home a month or more, yet it is a remarkable fact that neither in going nor coming, nor while in Texas, was Mrs. Powers sick for one hour. She attended all the meetings, day and night,

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

and was in many ways helpful to the services and especially to her husband.

Mr. Powers had never met Dr. Kimbrough, the pastor of the Baptist church in Lebanon, and only knew from reputation that he was regarded as one of the ablest preachers in Texas. Before leaving home, our hero gave a little more than usual attention to his wearing apparel and donned a new suit of clothes from head to foot; but the most remarkable feature of his outfit was a silk tile, vulgarly called a chimney-pot, with which he had adorned his head. It is doubtful whether Mr. Powers would have given so much attention to his dress if he had known as much about Texas before starting on his journey as he learned soon after arriving there.

Be that as it may, when he first entered the house of worship in which the meetings were to be held, the congregation had already assembled and the pastor also was there from whom our hero, not unnaturally expected a warm welcome, but his lively anticipation was doomed to disappointment and his enthusiasm was momentarily chilled. In walking down the aisle, Mr. Powers did not make any special effort to conceal his new silk hat. Of course, the pastor greeted him and extended his hand in welcome,

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

but to the visiting brother the whole performance was very formal and seemed to come from afar off. Mr. Powers did not immediately divine the situation, and he was for a while very much mystified. He preached the best he could, but not with his usual freedom and enthusiasm. However, when the congregation was dismissed and the men began to reach for their hats, including the pastor, he noticed that their hats were all alike and known as the Texas hat. A light dawned on our hero and he was not disobedient to it. That day, he went to dine with a certain doctor of medicine and as soon as he could get his ear, he said to him: "Doctor, is there a store in town where I can get a Texas hat?"—emphasis on the word Texas—the doctor laughingly said: "What do you want with a Texas hat? You already have a very good hat and it seems to me one hat is enough for a preacher. However, if you wish to wear a Texas hat, I will show you where you can get one." "That night when I walked into the church, I kept my hat on till I reached the pulpit. It was a Texas hat, and I wanted them all to see it; for they all wore hats alike." The pastor came forward very promptly and greeted the visiting preacher warmly and at close range, and while heartily grasping his hand, said:

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

“You will do, Brother Powers, you have got common sense. That silk hat would never do here in Texas.”

From that time, the meeting moved on gloriously. Both pastor and people gave their ardent and unremitting support. The church was greatly revived, many souls were converted and thirty-one members were received into the fellowship of the church on profession of faith in Christ and by baptism. At the time of this meeting, the church had no house of worship, but immediately steps were taken to erect one. Among those who were very active in promoting the building enterprise was Bob Yeager, a nephew of Mr. Powers, who had been converted during the meeting. And he looked upon the circumstances of his uncle's coming to Texas as a special providence to bring about his conversion. He had been very prosperous in his business, and now he willingly gave of his money, time and business qualifications to the furtherance of building a church, and so diligently was the building enterprise prosecuted, that within the next year Mr. Powers was again invited to go to Texas to dedicate the new house of worship, which was an elegant and commodious building and well adapted to the wants of a growing community. On this occasion, also

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

the meeting was protracted for several days, the church was much revived and many souls were converted.

REMINISCENCES CONCERNING THE LATE DR. W. E. POWERS.

By J. S. Gatton.

Brethren, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" The old patriarch whose name appears at the head of this article was truly a great man in Zion. Brother W. E. Powers professed faith in Christ, as his personal Saviour, when quite a small boy, during a meeting held with the old Dover Church, Shelby County. The meeting was held by two eminent evangelists. The only visible result of the meeting was the conversion and baptism of little Wat Powers. The great preachers turned away from the battle ground feeling that their two weeks' labors were almost in vain. The consensus of opinion was that the meeting was a failure—"only little Wat Powers was converted." I doubt if that old historic church ever held a meeting more honoring to God. Eternity alone can reveal the results wrought, under God, through this one little converted boy. This obscure youth, as he was considered, grew up to manhood and entered business life, but soon abandoned the fas-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

cinating charms of money-making and entered the gospel ministry, and for sixty odd years wrought in the Master's vineyard as but few men of his generation. He soon became a skilful workman, and was greatly in demand by churches in quest of capable pastors. He never sought easy places and fat salaries; but where God opened the door he entered and endured hardness as a good soldier. During his long and laborious ministry he was pastor in Shelby, Spencer, Bullitt, Jefferson, Oldham and Henry Counties. As pastor-evangelist, he held meetings all over these counties and also in other parts of the State. He was well equipped for his work. He was not educated after the fashion of the schools, but being blessed with a strong native intellect, a keen analytical mind, a good memory, plenty of good sense, by diligent and persistent application, he became a master workman, a preacher of unusual power, a man of strong spiritual force. He and the late Dr. J. H. Spencer were co-laborers in evangelistic work. They were admirably adapted to each other. Spencer excelled as an expositor of the Scriptures, and Powers followed his masterful sermons with the most appropriate, tender, persuasive and heart-stirring exhortations. When these two men were rightly harnessed up

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

together, they were, under God, well-nigh irresistible. At the close of one of their meetings with Brother Powers' church, a well-to-do brother gave him twenty-five cents, saying, "Give this to Brother Spencer, with my love." Brother Powers said as quick as thought: "No, keep your quarter and your love; I would not burden Brother Spencer with so much money and so much love, it might embarrass him." The brother went away with his quarter. When the meeting closed the next year, with the same church, this brother gave Brother Powers five dollars for himself and five dollars for Brother Spencer, saying: "I am heartily ashamed of what I did last year. I did not think." Brother Powers said: "Blessed is the man who thinks." That brother was a most liberal supporter of the gospel from that day to the day of his death. I had the happiness to assist this peerless pastor and evangelist in a number of his churches. It was a benediction to be with him; he was so original in his methods and thought, so cheerful, so witty, so tactful, so charming in the home and so pathetic and persuasive in urging men, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God, that I loved him, it seemed to me, as Jonathan loved David. A little girl said one day: "I had rather hear Brother Powers cry a sermon

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

than to hear most preachers preach a sermon."

It is well known that for nearly forty years, he was the honored Moderator of the largest and most prominent association in the State, Long Run. He was a ripe parliamentarian. He dispatched business with ease and grace. He was equal to any emergency that might arise. Upon one occasion, when the Association was in session with the Plum Creek Church, in Spencer County, a little troublesome brother was much in evidence. He was constantly rising to a point of order, and to a question of personal privilege and to ask for information for his own benefit; very much to the annoyance of the Association. On the morning of the second day of the meeting, at ten o'clock, the pastor announced preaching at the stand to begin in a few minutes. The troublesome brother sprang up and said: "Brother Moderator, will you please inform the people how far it is to the stand and how long it will take to walk there?" The Moderator said, as quick as a flash: "I am not here, sir, to measure distances or to judge of the locomotion of bipeds. I am here to preside over the deliberations of this body," and brought his gavel down on the table with a bang, and said: "Proceed, brethren, with the business of the hour." It need not be said, it

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

was some minutes before the brethren could proceed.

Brother Powers was a man of strong convictions, and he had the courage of his convictions. He was never on the fence concerning any question of orthodoxy or church polity. He adhered closely to the "old paths, where is the good way and walked therein." On one occasion, a number of brethren were talking about Baptist beliefs and peculiarities, etc. One brother said he did "not see any need of Baptists being so hide-bound, so rigid, so dogmatic, in their views—we ought to be more pliable, sweet-spirited and lenient towards others, if we expect to win them. The world has outgrown the rigid views of our fathers." Brother Powers replied, ironically: "Yes, I have thought for some time that the spirit of the age has outgrown many of the plain passages of Scripture. For instance," said he, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life. The world has outgrown that passage; it ought to read, Be thou sweet-spirited and pliable unto death and I will give thee a crown of life. We need a new translation." He ever contended for the once delivered faith.

The faith of this man of God reminded me of what is said in the 11th chapter of Hebrews

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

concerning the faith of the Patriarchs and Prophets. He just took God at His word and stood right on His promises. He believed with all his heart that God did all things well. He was greatly blessed in the wife whom God gave him. She stood as a tower of strength, by his side, through their entire married life. She was a home builder. She kept her house in perfect order, and left her impress upon her children, who brought much happiness into the lives of their beloved parents. Sister Powers made it possible for her husband to achieve such signal victories in the Master's vineyard. Her reward will be as great as his, for, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

It was my sad privilege to preach the funeral sermon of this good woman. I felt no trepidation, whatever, in speaking of her noble, self-sacrificing and beautiful Christian life. Poor Brother Powers was overcome with grief. As he followed her lifeless body out of the house, he said, amid heart-rending sobs, "The light of the home has gone out." And, when loving hands had laid her remains away beneath a bank of roses to await the resurrection of the just, he said: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of



NANCY ELLIS POWERS, MOTHER OF W. E. POWERS

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

the Lord." He turned away from where he had laid his heart's treasure to tread the rest of the journey of life alone, alone. His zeal in the Lord's business never abated. He came down to the end of his mortal life in full assurance that "There was laid up for him a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge would give him." He has left the walks of men and entered upon a higher and more sublime state of existence, bequeathing to his dear children a legacy far more valuable than rubies—a beautiful Christian character—a life eminently worthy of emulation.

Servant of Christ, well done,
Praise be thy new employ,
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

REV. WALTER ELLIS POWERS.

By J. W. Porter, D.D.

In the death of this aged warrior, our denomination loses one of its most useful men and ministers. Though in the ninety-third year of his age, his step was steady, his eye undimmed and his mind unclouded. We have never known anyone of his remarkable age whose faculties of mind and body were so little impaired by the ravages of time.

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

He had witnessed the passing of three generations of Baptists, and for man's full allotted time, had been a forceful factor in the life and history of our people. He was a contemporary of Alexander Campbell, and probably did as much as any other preacher of his day to stay the tide of Campbellism in our Commonwealth. Many of our churches and multitudes of men and women were saved to the faith by his splendid preaching of the doctrines of grace.

In the anti-mission storm, which swept in desolating fury over our State, he stood as an oak on the storm-swept hills, laughing at the lightnings of man's wrath, and defying the thunderbolts of a false faith. Not a few of our churches are today missionary bodies on account of his earnest contention at a critical period of our history.

Of his many gifts and graces, the one that probably impressed us most was his child-like faith in Christ. If he ever staggered at the promises, or faltered in his faith, it was never known by even his most intimate friends. He not only believed God, but committed his life for time and eternity to his keeping. He was willing to walk with God, even though the way were wrapped in darkness. He walked by faith with Christ as his only compass, and the Holy

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

Spirit his all-sufficient guide. As was said of the worthies of old, "These all died in faith," so may we today say, "Walter Ellis Powers died in faith and in the faith once for all delivered to the saints."

He not only possessed the faith, but declared it from the pulpit. Endowed by nature with an unusually bright and discriminating mind, he preached the truth with a pungency and power that is rarely equaled. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of his preaching was his splendid originality. Few men have been so blessed in thought, expression and style.

True, his preaching was dogmatic, yea, more, divinely dogmatic. He knew the Lord had forgiven his sins, therefore he could preach with mathematical certainty that God could and would forgive sin. His confidence was contagious and his assurance inspiring.

The keynote of his preaching was salvation by grace, according to the elective purposes of God. He was not ashamed of the Gospel, therefore found it unnecessary to apologize for his preaching. In his veins flowed the blood of martyrs and he would have gladly died for the doctrine.

Though he preached the distinctive doctrines of his denomination, those who differed with him

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

were inclined neither to criticise nor to censure. He loved truth, and hence hated error, and his love for the one equaled his hatred for the other. He never asked for admiration, he challenged it; he never sought confidence, but commanded it.

He lived an unsullied life, and through all the years of his pilgrimage, there was never the breath of slander or taint of suspicion. With his transparent candor and rugged grandeur, reproach was impossible.

Were it within our power, we would not flatter the deathless dead, and we weigh our words when we say that Kentucky Baptists owed him as much as or more than anyone now among us. Many young ministers, whose lives and thinking were touched by his life, will perpetuate his life and labors in the coming years. Our own life is richer, and our loyalty to Christ greater because we knew and loved this mighty man. One of his last messages, and one we shall ever cherish, was "Tell Porter I love him; he knows what I stand for." Yes, we knew his unflinching fidelity to the Master, and feel that we know where he now stands—glorified in the presence of Him whom he so faithfully served.

He leaves to his loved ones the greatest heritage that can be bequeathed to mortal man—a

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

stainless name and a life unreservedly given to the Lord.

A VENERABLE GUEST AND A
MEMORABLE OCCASION.

On October 28, 1912, the ladies of the Crestwood Baptist Church gave a birthday party to Grandma Enoch, who was that day eighty years old. It was intended to be exclusive. No gentlemen were expected to be present. However, Brother Powers happened to be in the neighborhood at that time, and, in the nature of things, it was thought proper to make an exception in his case, and have him present. He had been the pastor of this mother in Israel many years at Long Run. And his presence was a real contribution to the occasion.

Some time in the spring of 1914, Brother Powers, in conversation with some friends, remarked that such a recognition of friendship and love as that given Mrs. Enoch, while she was still living, is worth more than a cart-load of flowers piled on her grave after she is dead.

The remark was not lost on the friends who heard it. Thus it came about within a few days the suggestion was made at the Baptist Pastors' Conference in Louisville that it would be a fitting thing for the pastors and churches in Long

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

Run Association to celebrate in some appropriate manner the ninetieth anniversary of the birthday of our venerable Moderator. The suggestion was heartily approved, and a committee was appointed to make arrangements for the contemplated occasion. But his friends in and about Louisville were not the only ones who were thinking of the matter. Without any knowledge of what others were doing, Mrs. Belle Foss Moorman wrote from far off DeLand, Florida, suggesting a birthday party for Brother Powers and, to that end, sent one dollar. Thus it came about that arrangements were made for the celebration of his birthday on the 26th day of June, 1914, when he had rounded out ninety years. In the form of a souvenir, Col. Thos. D. Osborne, an intimate friend of Brother Powers, has preserved the cream of that occasion, which, without abridgement—save the artistic features—is published as an appendix.

Foreword.—On May 27, 1914, without any warning, I received this note:

Pewee Valley, Ky., May 26, 1914.

Col. Thos. D. Osborne, Louisville, Ky.:

Dear Brother and Comrade:—I am writing to advise you that you—as Chairman—H. C. McGill and S. J. Cannon, have been appointed

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

a committee on arrangements for the celebration of the ninetieth anniversary of the birth of our venerable Brother, W. E. Powers, which will take place on Friday evening, in Louisville, June 26th.

The place of holding it, the preparation of the menu, whether short or long, price of same, etc., is left in the hands of your committee.

Very cordially,

A. N. WHITE.

Obeying Orders.

Accordingly, the Committee began at once; announcements were made in the papers, both secular and religious; also printed invitations were sent to many churches and pastors.

A little later, a birthday banquet was arranged for at Klein's and promptly at twelve o'clock, June 26, 1914, the company sat down to the feast, the hosts of the occasion, most of whom were present, being as follows:

Adams, M. B.
Allgood, Joseph
Anthony, James R.
Argabrite, G. W.
Argabrite, Mrs. G. W.
Bauer, Mrs. C. H.
Bow, J. G.
Bow, Mrs. J. G.
Baptist World
Basye, Elijah

Beard, Dr. E. F.
Beckham, J. C. W.
Beckley, George W.
Bennett, E. J.
Bostic, William
Broadway Baptist Church
Brude, William
Burnett, E. G.
Cannon, S. J.
Cannon, Mrs. S. J.

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

Catlett, J. W.	Jones, R. J.
Carson, S. W.	Jones, Mrs. R. J.
Carson, Mrs. S. W.	Jenkins, Mrs. E. P.
Coleman, John	Kennedy, W. C.
Coleman, J. D.	Kennedy, Mrs. W. C.
Cook, Miss K. L.	Kennedy, Miss Mollie
Collins, Levi	Klein, J. W.
Collins, R. T.	Landrum, W. W.
Collins, C. R.	Lewis, T. L.
Collins, Geo. W.	Merchant, J. N.
Coleman, E. M.	Moore, Lewis M.
Coleman, P. T.	Mullins, E. Y.
Coleman, Mrs. P. T.	Maryman, Mrs. Lilly
Cooper, S. A.	McCarty, C. H.
Cottrill, E. A.	McGarity, William Ray
Crawley, A. L.	McGill, H. C.
Crestwood Bapt. Church	Melone, Miss Agnes
Deiss, Miss Vera	Miller, Frank
Dearing, C. T.	Miller, Carl J.
Dover Baptist Church	Moody, C. D.
Duncan, John T.	Moorman, Mrs. Bell Foss
Eaton, Joseph H.	Morrow, Henry L.
Foss, Dr. S. S.	Morrow, Mrs. Henry L.
Foss, Mrs. S. S.	Moses, Miss Jennie
Glore, Miss	Norton, George W.
Goodridge, F. H.	Nunnelley, Miss Allie
Green, W. T.	O'Neal, Merit
Hall, W. P.	Overall, A. B.
Harvey, W. P.	Osborne, Miss Agnes
Hays, George E.	Osborne, Thomas D.
Horn, G. M.	Osborne, Mrs. Thomas D.
Horn, Mrs. G. M.	Paxton, J. J.
Huey, Otis M.	Porter, J. W.
Hedges, T. G.	Price, Thomas A.
Hoagland, C. K.	Peck, Mrs. J. E.
Humphrey, T. J.	Perkins, F. D.
Iler, Mrs. Bessie	Perry, L. L.
Ireland, Dr. R. L.	Peyton, Mrs. P. T.
Jenkins, J. P.	Plemmons, T. H.
Johnson, Col. E. Polk	Pound, Edgar
Johnson, Mrs. E. Polk	Rice, A. S.
Johnson, Thomas A.	Royster, S. B.

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

Sampson, A. E.	Urwick, Mrs. Christopher
Sanford, Mrs. Fannie	Vogt, Henry
Shriley, R. L.	Vogt, Mrs. Henry
Smith, David H.	Watts, Ed.
Southern Baptist Seminary	Watts, J. M.
Stallings, John	Watts, Mrs. J. M.
Strauss, Frank P.	Watson, Mrs. J. B.
Snyder, E. E.	Weaver, Ben C., Jr.
Stevens, E. C.	Western Recorder
Stewart, W. P.	White, A. N.
Strother, Sanford	Winburn, H. L.
Taylor, T. P.	Woodbury, Mrs. John L.
Tinsley, Mrs.	Woodruff, George E.
Thuston, Viola J.	Woodson, E. T.
Thompson, Malcom	Woodson, Mrs. E. T.
Tichenor, J. S.	Yohannon, I. N.

The beautiful dining hall had been handsomely decorated, four long tables ran the entire length of the rear room, and extra tables were placed in the front room.

CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN OF
W. E. POWERS.

Children.

Mrs. Sudie Powers Hope	Mrs. Bettie Powers
Mrs. Mamie Powers	Thompson
Tichenor	Foree Powers
Mrs. Aurelia Powers	Dr. J. G. Powers
Sleadd	Mrs. J. G. Powers
Mrs. Lula Powers Sleadd	

Grandchildren.

Mrs. Mary Powers	James Irvine Tichenor
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The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

Mrs. Vassie Tichenor	Aurelia Tichenor
Miss Ruth Thompson	Charles Edgar Tichenor
Walter Thompson	Mary Catherine Sleadd
Franklin Thompson	Ellis Miller Sleadd

Great-grandchildren.

Sudie K. Tichenor.

At a special table the children and grandchildren were seated. When all were in their places, Thos. D. Osborne called to order and said, "The Committee has now about completed its work and the further proceedings are placed in the hands of Director General A. N. White."

Brother White requested Brother S. J. Cannon to ask God's blessing and following the invocation this excellent menu was served:

- 1.—Baptist Bouillon.
- 2.—Veal Cutlet with Tomato Sauce.
- 3.—New Potatoes and Cream.
- 4.—Fresh New Peas.
- 5.—Tomato and Lettuce with French Dressing.
- 6.—Fancy Ices and Cakes.
- 7.—Coffee.

At the conclusion of the seventh course, Brother A. N. White announced that the exercises would now be in charge of Brother Claude D. Moody as Toastmaster, who began by saying:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, we have now

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

reached a new order of business, responding to toasts, and these are to be given in a business way, no one talking over five minutes. I am here as a business man to see to this. But, brethren, I am here also to honor our beloved father in Israel, Walter E. Powers. I have known him long as a tower of strength to the Baptists of Long Run Association."

After other complimentary remarks, Brother Moody gave capital characteristic introductions to the speakers.

The speakers and sentiments were as follows:

1. C. D. Moody Toastmaster
2. H. L. Winburn. Greetings from the City Churches
3. E. C. Stevens
Greetings from the Country Churches
4. W. W. Landrum
Greetings from Pastors' Conference
5. J. P. Jenkins. Our Father in Israel
6. B. H. DeMent. Greetings from the Seminary
7. Dr. J. G. Powers. Our Father's Home Life
8. Thomas D. Osborne. . . A Layman's Appreciation
9. J. G. Bow. Our Moderator
10. Dr. J. W. Porter
Our Debt to the Nestor of the Baptist Ministry
11. Greetings from Absent Friends. . . . J. B. Mody
12. W. E. Powers
A Message from the Man who has reached the
Ninetieth Milestone in the Pilgrimage of Life.

Brethren H. L. Winburn and E. C. Stevens

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

failed to furnish a report of their remarks, but each declared "There is little real difference between the membership of a country church and a city church; the fact is, we were all once country folks and brought letters from country Baptist churches to join city Baptist churches, and now town and country churches alike look lovingly at Brother Powers and give him hopeful thankful greeting."

Brother W. W. Landrum, on behalf of the Louisville Baptist Ministers' Conference, spoke as follows:

Whenever it pleases our venerable Brother Powers to attend our Monday morning conference in Louisville he is received with distinguished consideration. At once every member of our Body rises and remains standing until he is seated. As president, I repeat the words: "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head and honor the face of the old man." "They shall bring forth fruit in old age."

Dr. Powers is informed that as an expression of our affection and admiration for his long and useful service in the ministry we put aside the order of the day and invite him to address us upon any subject that he may think proper and at whatever length of time he may prefer. Invariably, with becoming courtesy, he bids us continue our regular program with the understanding that he will take up only a few minutes before adjournment.

These addresses abide in our memory. They are

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

characteristically pertinent and pointed. Never long or prosy, they gleam with flashes of humor or pierce our hearts with barbs of satire on the faults and foibles of the modern ministry. He always scouts laziness and cowardice on the part of his younger brethren, these, with any tendency to heterodoxy, being, it would seem, his pet abominations. With wise discrimination he now cautions and now congratulates us. In all he says his aim evidently is to inspire us to greater efficiency and fidelity in our great and responsible calling. We are all his debtors for sage counsel and fatherly admonition.

Our toastmaster has said that, judging by what he has heard at the sessions of the Long Run Associations, it is quite natural to infer that Dr. Powers differs from this poor dust in certain matters of policy and denominational practice. Let me reply that Dr. Powers never differs from me any more than I differ from him. Neither one of us is infallible and I am sure that my beloved brother is the last man in the world who would give me his respect or affection if he imagined I sought to conceal my convictions or basely cringed or cowered before him on account of his age, experience or wide popularity. A brave man respects the rights of others as he would have his own respected.

No loyal Baptist dare differ from Dr. Powers on a New Testament principle. All our principles are the same. We part company along the line of our traditions, our preferences and our prejudices and our policies. And we must more and more come to subordinate these things. Kentucky Baptists can cordially co-operate on the motto: "In essentials

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity."

Our Baptist Ministers' Conference offers its heartiest congratulations to the Nestor of us all. We thank God for him and we here and now pledge ourselves to follow him as he follows Christ, praying that his days may be prolonged and his bow abide in strength till the chariot comes to take him to his eternal home.

BROTHER J. P. JENKINS

Also failed to furnish a report of his remarks; he told of how in his boyhood days he had met and fallen in love with Brother Powers, and this love had grown with the years. After his conversion and call to the Ministry, he had always looked to Brother Powers for leadership.

GREETINGS FROM THE SEMINARY.

Dr. DeMent was absent from the city, and the following letter was read from President E. Y. Mullins of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary:

"As I am not sure I will be able to attend the dinner given to Brother Powers to-morrow, I take this means of expressing to him, through you, my congratulations upon the attainment of his ninetieth birthday. It is exceedingly rare that a man is permitted, not only to live so long, but to serve so long in the Baptist ministry, and it must be a source of great satisfaction to our brother to look back upon

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

the efforts he has put forth for the coming of the Kingdom of our Lord and Master.

"I join with many friends in wishing for him many happy returns of his birthday. Regretting that I cannot be present, I am,

Cordially and sincerely yours,

E. Y. Mullins."

PRESENTATION.

Dr. J. G. Powers tenderly declined to talk on "Our Father's Home Life," and Thos. D. Osborne delivered "A Layman's Appreciation," saying "I pay a tribute to Brother Powers, first as a model presiding officer as Moderator of Long Run Association; no one can waste the time or delay the business of an Association as can a dilatory chairman. To be prompt, the Moderator must be prepared. Brother Powers was always prepared, always prompt and always showed affectionate appreciation to speakers and hearers. Yet he never coveted an office or courted a compliment, but when they came he expressed gratitude.

These three points—preparedness, promptness and appreciation—made Brother Powers the model Moderator.

And everywhere he did well, walking worthily, and so I make for him the wish—

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

May you live as long as you want to live,
And as long as you live have all you want to have.

In token of loving regard, I now present you this cane from the Holy Land; it came from Jerusalem, the City of King David. It grew in Palestine and was brought to Louisville. Brother Thos. A. Johnson has appropriately engraved it and we now jointly give it to you. Use it for a gavel or in any way you wish."

At this point, Brother A. N. White came forward and, on behalf of the Committee, presented Brother Powers with a purse of fifty dollars in gold and a Judson Centennial Medal.

Brother White also paid verbal tribute, saying:

WALTER ELLIS POWERS

As I See Him.

No more striking personality ever labored in historic Long Run Association. He is perfect in temper, unfailingly good-humored, invariably optimistic and yet withal, splendidly courageous. He takes all the blows of adverse fortune with equanimity, whether they come in the loss of temporal possessions, in the alienation of long-cherished friends, or in the bereavement of loved ones, and never envious of those more fortunate than himself, he could not bear a grudge against his brethren. Called into the ministry at the age of thirty-four, in the

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

pastorate for half a century, and now at the age of ninety, he has in him something of the schoolboy and is still interested in the King's business and gladly lends a hand whenever occasion invites.

And does he not look toil-worn? Oh, yes! One can see the marks of the harness on him. His form is not so erect, his step is not so elastic, and his voice is not so resonant and winsome as in the days of his young manhood. The plowshare of time has run deep furrows in his face, the passing years have somewhat dimmed the lustre of his eye, and the frosts of ninety winters have taken from his hair its raven-glossiness. But he has let neither time nor toil dampen his high spirits, or affect his genial temper. So many elements blending into one harmonious whole is surely a great achievement. Indeed, it is better than an achievement; it is a part of the endowment of the man. Thus, with his ample intellectual furnishings, with the sturdy strain of pioneer blood in his veins, his splendid physical equipment and his irrepressible optimism. Walter Ellis Powers steadfastly refuses to grow old. He is one of the happy few who were born young, and at ninety he preserves the dew of his youth.

So to-day, on this ninetieth anniversary of your birth, your friends and brethren delight to honor you for the principles for which you have always stood, for the helpful life you have lived and the splendid service you have rendered more than two generations, and, in order that the day may be remembered as an occasion which was characterized by something more than eulogies and congratulations, I have been commissioned to present to you

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

this purse as an additional and substantial testimony of the love and appreciation of your friends and brethren.

“OUR MODERATOR”

Was spoken to by Brother J. G. Bow, who said:

Brother Toastmaster, Brethren and Sisters: I am requested to say something about *Our Moderator*. To moderate means to preside, to restrain.

Long Run Association, a religious body composed of Baptist churches, voluntarily associated together for the mutual improvement and edification, and for the sustenance and spread of the Gospel, has had for about a third of a century, since 1880, W. E. Powers for Moderator. He is our presiding officer, our leader—“Primus inter pares.”

God has men for every crisis, for all emergencies. No doubt our brother came to the Kingdom for such a time.

He was born in the days when the seeds of Campbellism had been industriously sown, and were germinating, and reared in the stormy period of its persistent propagation.

Dr. J. H. Spencer says: “Previous to 1816 there was not an Anti-missionary in Kentucky as far as known. The opposition to missions arose in large measure through the baneful influence of Daniel Parker, setting forth the ‘Two-seed’ doctrine, together with the preaching and writing of Alexander Campbell.” In his Centennial address, in 1887, Spencer says: “In 1823, that wonderfully verbose

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

and ambiguous caricaturist, Alexander Campbell, commenced a furious attack upon missionary and Bible societies, the support of pastors, and theological education, and kept up the onslaught through the *Christian Baptist* for seven years. This pamphlet had an extensive circulation in Kentucky, and did more to strengthen the opposition to missions, Bible distribution, and the education and support of preachers than all other causes combined."

It was during this stormy period that our Moderator was born and reared. There was Campbellism and Anti-nomianism and Universalism and other isms of contrary and contradictory tenets. Doubtless these environments helped to make him the stalwart Christian soldier he has ever shown himself to be. He is older than Campbellism, and far more orthodox, and has lived to see many of its extravagances greatly modified.

But what shall be done unto the man whom Kentucky Baptists delight to honor? We shall not clothe him in royal apparel, and set him upon the King's throne, and place upon his head the crown royal, but because of what he is, and what he has done, and because of our love for him, we joyfully cover him with our praise and crown him with our confidence and love, and bear him upon our prayers that God may long spare his useful life.

Brother, you have wrought nobly, you have lived to see the white Baptists of Kentucky almost a quarter of a million strong, our institutions of learning among the best, and our missionary operations gigantic and prosperous, yet there remaineth much land to be possessed.

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

Errors are springing up on every hand. There is Russellism and Eddyism, and Socialism, higher and lower criticism, and countless other isms and evils. Doubtless many of these and others of like cult will be here when we are gone, yet you have not wrought in vain.

There are minor evils among us which need your counsel and correction. Here is our brother, Charles Hoagland, a veritable ecclesiastical polygamist, and your young and honored brother, Stevens, who even lacks the Pauline qualification of being the "husband of one wife."

Now, beloved, we say—
The seed was sown at early morn,
And God's own hand prepared the soil,
Nor eventide thy hand withheld,
And God has prospered all thy toil.
The "Harvest Home" with joyful praise,
As ripening sheaves were garnered in,
Employed thy soul in darkest days,
While reaping from the fields of sin.
And when the reaping time is o'er,
You'll hear the Savior's blessed "Come,
Abide with Me, and toil no more;
Here's rest and peace, and love, and home."
And when you pass the pearly gate,
And stand before the Eternal Son,
Methinks we'll see the angels wait
To hear Him say: "Well done! Well done!"

Dr. J. W. Porter spoke next on

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

THE DEBT OF KENTUCKY BAPTISTS
TO W. E. POWERS.

Comparatively stated, Kentucky Baptists owe more to W. E. Powers than to any other man now among us. His battles were fought in times that tried men's hearts and souls; and when only the Elect of the Lord could stand the withering fire of the enemy. In the warp and woof of his being, there is the stuff of which martyrs are made, and heroic characters constructed.

Through all the years of holy warfare, he has stood like an oak on the storm-swept hills, defying all the thunders of wrath, and laughing at the lightnings of human folly and fury. He feared God; therefore, he feared not the face of man or devil. For his faithfulness, our state owes to him a debt of gratitude it can never repay, but which it gladly acknowledges. Through the serried years, loyalty to Christ and faithfulness to His word have been his prayer and his practice. He has ever believed that it is better to please God than men. He has neither been flattered by his friends nor frightened by his enemies; and turning neither to the right nor left, he has faithfully pursued the pathway of a God-given destiny. Truly, his illustrious life has been dedicated to God and the Baptists.

That Kentucky is today a Baptist State is due in large measure to the life and work of this matchless man. His Baptist convictions have been as sacred to him as his convictions of redeeming love. To him the Bible has been a Baptist book, and the ideal life, the logical result of Baptist principles. One

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

Lord, one faith and one baptism has guarded his life, and governed his preaching. And yet, in all his contention for the faith once for all delivered to the saints, he has been as gentle as a woman, and as loving as a child. He has so lived that friend and foe are better for his life, and today the sun shines brighter on our "Old Kentucky Home" because his home has been in Old Kentucky.

And now amid the sunshine and shadows that are fast falling about his pilgrim path, we would here publicly thank God for his long and blessed life—so rich in word and deed, in faith and works. And lest he forget, we here assure him that as he walks into the valley of the shadows, he carries with him the love and gratitude of thousands, many of whom he has led to the Lord, and others whose lives are more Christlike for his ministry. He has been faithful in life, and will be unto death. Well may he say and sing—

"Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Twas grace that brought me on thus far,
And grace shall lead me home."

COL. E. POLK JOHNSON

In response to many calls, responded:

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

As you all know, I am not on the list of those named to speak here today. What I shall try to say is at the special request of Brother Powers, who has known me from my infancy. I can remember the time when he was not a minister, and was present

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

when he was ordained to that ministry which he has honored for so many years. He was presented to the Council of Ordination by my honored father, who long years ago went to his reward. Between my father and Brother Powers there existed a beautiful and abiding affection, and it is a pleasing reflection that the warmth of that affection has been cherished both by the sons of that father and our honored guest of today. He was a frequent and a delightful visitor at my father's fireside. When he came to us, there came also that "sweetness and light" which he everywhere radiates. That is why he is here today. I recall coming home from the Confederate army, penniless, ragged and dejected; beaten but not whipped, because nobody could whip us. Brother Powers came to our home soon afterwards and as a result of his bright spirit and his loving kindness, my feelings were not half so "rumpled-up" when he left us as they had been before his coming. That was and is his way; he sees the brightest side of things and refuses to see the darker. The pessimist sees a dark cloud in the sky which you could not show to Brother Powers in a week, but he would see the silver lining of that cloud at a glance. To me, it has always seemed that a Christian should be a constantly happy person. I have no patience nor do I think Brother Powers has, with a preacher who speaks in a hark-from-the-tombs voice and whose face reminds me of a macadamized road to a cemetery. Such people never celebrate their ninetieth anniversary, nor do they get very far along the way in which they are trying to lead others. If any here would live to be ninety years old, let such a one be

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

cheerful, be good—in a word, be as faithful and sunny-spirited as Brother Powers has always been, and whether you reach the goal or not, you will have done much for your fellowman, as he has done, and that is worth striving for.

BROTHER POWERS' MESSAGE.

Following the last speech, Brother Powers spoke with much feeling a message from the "Man who has reached the 90th mile-stone in the pilgrimage of life." Among other things, he said:

Who am I to have so much honor and kindness shown? But, bless you, I like it, though I may not deserve it. I am glad to get that cane from Jerusalem; you know that the Baptists began work in that region and they have carried the Master's Message clear around the world, and we are still moving on. I do a good deal of walking and will carry my cane in my travels. I am not as old as Long Run Association, but I remember its fathers. It began September 16, 1803 and took in the twenty-four churches of ten counties—Jefferson, Bullitt, Spencer, Anderson, Franklin, Carroll, Henry, Trimble, Oldham and Shelby. I was born on a farm in Shelby, and October 17, 1839, was baptized at Dover by Elder E. G. Berry. I have been a member of Long Run Association seventy-five years; have not missed a session for fifty-five years, and have served as Moderator thirty-five years.

Of the twenty-four churches forming the Asso-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

ciation only four remain as members. These are Long Run, King's, Elk Creek and Cedar Creek. Cedar Creek is the oldest; once it was Chenowith Run. The Campbellites almost captured it; a faithful few held on; they lost one or two church houses and had hard work to build; on the last house one man gave 100 days' work. At Elk Creek was where I first attended Long Run Association. When I go to our Association I have mingled feelings of gladness and sadness; joy at the progress of our work; sorrow that so many have fallen in death. They fell to rise in the better land to which we are all hastening.

Thank God for the increase of his army. Our Association began with 1,610 members, and now several churches have that many members, and Long Run Association has nearly ten times that number. Our Association has always been faithful to the Word; one question has come before it several times. I refer to Alien Immersion. The answer has always been, "Baptize them."

Our missionary operations have grown mightily. Up to 1815 the preacher paid almost all of the missionary contributions. That year the first Mission Board was formed, \$109.06 was contributed, and Henson Hobbs, one of the twelve preachers who helped to organize the Association, was the missionary that year, and he organized the First Baptist Church in Louisville. It is now Walnut Street Church, mother of all the city churches.

But I must not talk too much. We are all going home to work for the Lord, who has blessed us so much. I will find work if I have to travel a long

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

ways for it. God has appointed my work. I don't know how many years I shall be with you. I can almost hear the ripple of the last river. Our God will give me grace to go, I have a parting message for each one of you: "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." When you meet again and I am gone let some one say of me, "He was faithful."

Now don't all of you go home right away. Stop awhile, shake hands and talk to each other. You city people and country people need to know each other better and you will love each other more.

OTHER MESSAGES.

Several absentees sent greetings, the main one was as follows:

ELDER W. E. POWERS, THE AGED.

Brother W. E. Powers possessed many manly and ministerial characteristics worthy of memory and imitation. It was my good fortune to live in his neighborhood some dozen years. I was often with him, both before and after my ordination. His commendable qualities I would name are as follows:

ACTIVITIES.

He had the go on him, and he went, rain or shine; cold or hot; far or near; sick or well, and he was there on time, every time, or it was not his fault. Second: His social qualities. This more than compensated for any lack of pulpit oratory. His long and loving pastorates is proof of this. Third: His sympathy for the poor and sick. Fourth: His pater-

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

nal care of young preachers. Last, but not least: His love and fidelity to the truth. He esteemed truth above popularity, and to him consistency was a real and rare jewel. Many have wrought more powerfully in the higher walks, but none more graciously and humbly and effectively in the common walks of men and the ministry. The long moderatorship of his Association he bore with becoming meekness. Fawning, favors and flattery had no purchasing power with him.

To illustrate his fatherly interest in young preachers, I would give my own experience. For years we were on intimate terms before my ordination. We had our theological spats, not so much because we differed, but because we loved to sportively spat. When he heard of my prospective ordination, he told me that he had longed for a good subject for the dissecting table. He threatened me with an all-day operation, and said they would sharpen their drills, and if there was any evil in me, they were going to disclose it. This he knew would scare me into a thorough preparation. He desired the occasion to get our doctrines before the people. He could not be present when I preached my first sermon, but he was out early Monday morning making inquiries on his way to visit me. As he approached he said: "You have ruined yourself; I was afraid of it; you struck twelve first time, and you must strike one next time. You had better begun at one and increased to twelve." The joke was too serious for me on that blue Monday morning, so I had to tell "the miserable comforter" to hush up. But he knew what I needed, and had prepared the

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers.

way for it as he came on. It would not do for me to make exhaustive preparation for every Sunday, so he would arrange for some one to take my place, and I must go with him and repeat my sermon. This he did on several occasions, and if he had not, I don't know what would have become of me, as I had put all of my capital stock in the first sermon and I was wondering what I could say every Sunday and on Saturday to the same church. His ministry to me was that of an angel. The same interest he took in all young preachers that came in his way. He often took them to his home and drilled them in the right ideas of their high calling. Such fatherly care of young preachers was one of his crowning excellencies. I love to honor him.

Affectionately,

Watertown, Tenn.

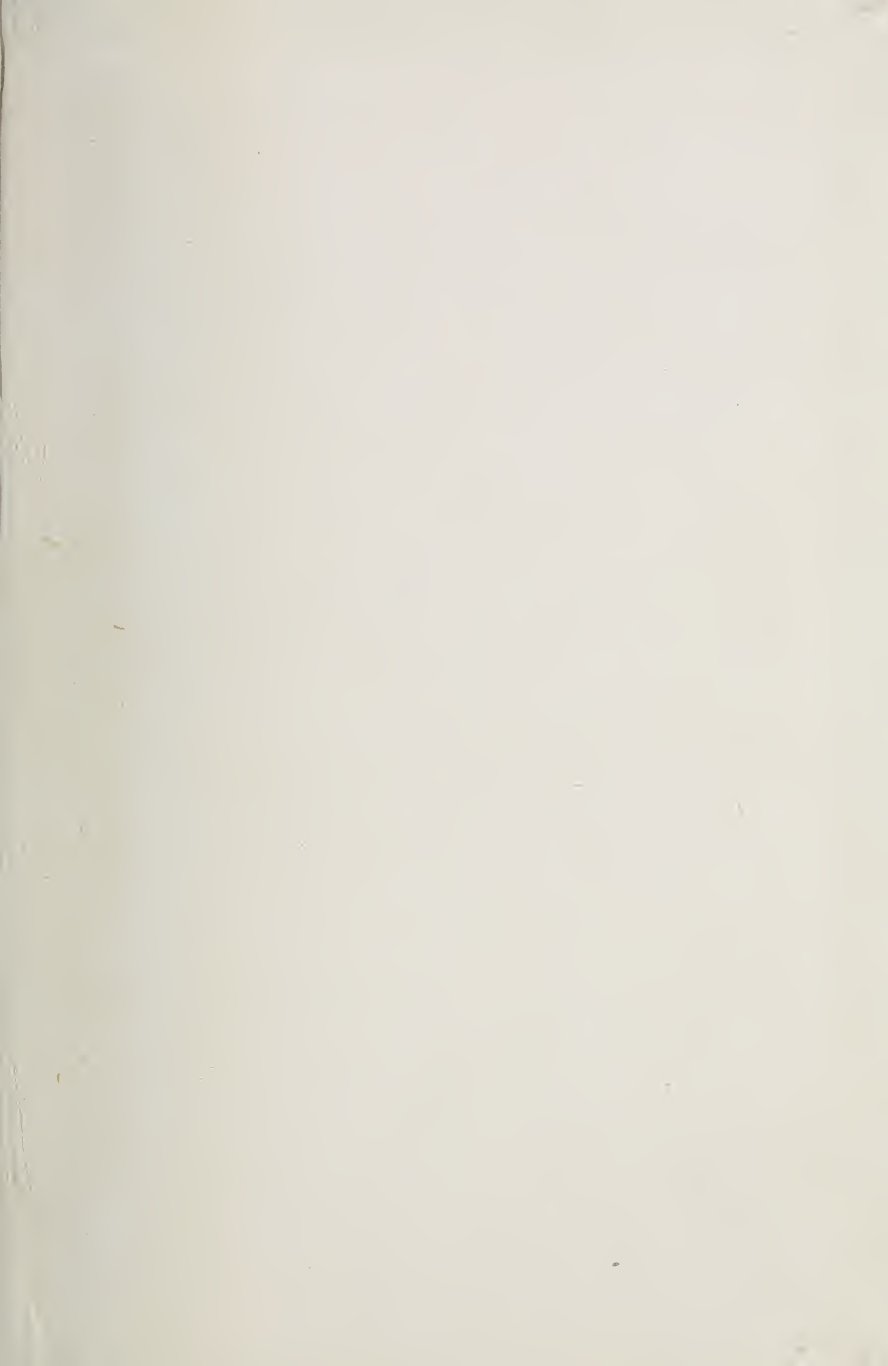
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